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MISS ANNIE BEAUCLERC.

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DUKE'S THEATRE.

On Saturday last Miss May Howard, an actress who has won considerable fame in America and the British Colonies, made her first appearance in England at the Duke's Theatre, Holborn, in the rôle of Sarah Multon in the play entitled *Miss Multon*. When the original French play was produced in Paris it obtained signal success, owing chiefly to the powerful performance of Madame Fargue in the part now assumed by Miss May Howard. It was then recognised that the plot of the play was substantially the same as that of *East Lynne*, a drama which has had a steady popularity everywhere since its first production. *East Lynne* is by no means an artistic or a well-constructed drama, but it contains a strong element of emotional domestic interest, which has secured for it general favour in spite of its manifest defects. *Miss Multon* is in many respects a better-constructed play than *East Lynne*, but we venture to doubt if it will be at all so acceptable to English audiences. It is in five acts—not long acts, it must be admitted, but some of them are decidedly dull, and the lachrymose tone which pervades it throughout is scarcely ever relieved by any humour that is appreciable by an ordinary English audience. The main situation, however, of a repentant mother, who seeks to gain the affections of her children, whom she has deserted when they were too young to understand their loss, is one which will always appeal to the tenderer sentiments of playgoers of the softer sex. In her impersonation of Sarah Multon Miss May Howard proves herself to be an actress of sound training and vigorous dramatic intuition. Her appearance is perhaps somewhat too luxuriant to convey the character of the sorrow-stricken governess, but, nevertheless, in the more dramatic portions of the play she decidedly carried the house with her. Her delivery is effective and her voice sympathetic, and towards the close of the play she succeeded in drawing tears from the eyes of many of the spectators. *Miss Multon*, however, as a play is made to depend too much throughout the piece upon the efforts of the principal actress. It is doubtless proper enough that such a character as that of Sarah Multon should be a very dominant one. Nevertheless it needs support and relief occasionally if the artistic balance of the drama is to be preserved. Miss May Howard, however, must be congratulated upon making a decidedly successful first appearance in London. It is evident that her natural dramatic talent has been carefully fostered by intelligent study, and she moves and speaks upon the stage with the ease and effect that are only gained by experience. The other characters in the drama of *Miss Multon* do not leave any lasting impression upon the mind of the spectator. Madame de Latour (the Barbara Hare of *East Lynne*) was satisfactorily sustained by Miss Jenny Lefevre. Mons. de Latour, the husband, who in former days was deserted by the woman who now comes into his house as governess to her own children, was played with care by Mr. Charles Glenney. Mons. Belin, an old relation of the family, in the hands of Mr. Jones Finch, is a meritorious character sketch, and the same may be said of Mr. David Evans's Dr. Longworth. The two children, Jeanne, aged 15, and Paul, aged 12, played by Miss Eugenia Forbes and Miss Harwood, have an air of precocity which robs the situation in which they are placed of much of its pathos. The performance concluded with Planché's well-known "musical burletta," *The Loan of a Lover*, in which Miss May Holt plays Gertrude with much vivacity and spirit, singing her songs with good effect. Mr. J. G. Wilton as Peter Spy displayed a great deal of humour, and the piece certainly succeeded in making the audience laugh consummately. Captain Amersfort was impersonated by Mr. H. L. Haines; Swyvel by Mr. Louis Fredericks; Delve by Mr. Ellerman; and Ernestine by Miss Agnes Consuelo. Messrs. Clarence Holt and Wilmot's energetic efforts to make the Duke's Theatre a prosperous establishment deserve encouragement, and we have no doubt that the attractions of so talented an artiste as Miss May Howard will be liberally appreciated by the Holborn audiences.

James Albery's version of *Les Fourchambaults* will be produced at the Haymarket on Monday next, under the title of *The Crisis*. Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. Terriss, and Mrs. John Wood will sustain the principal parts.

Mr. Charles Wyndham will remove the *Pink Dominos* from the Criterion programme. We believe it is his intention to revive *Brighton* during the course of next month. He also talks of reviving sundry old comedies.

The morning Christmas pantomime at the Gaiety will be *Jack the Giant Killer*. The cast will include Miss Jenny Hill, Miss Hazel, Miss Gilchrist, Miss Abrahams, Miss Ball, and Miss Wadman; Mr. Elton, Mr. Squire, and Mr. H. M. Clifford. A new ballet by that experienced *maitre de ballet*, Mr. John D'Auban, will be produced, in which Miss Rhea will sustain the principal figure. The harlequinade will be supported by Mr. W. Orkins as clown, Mr. Bishop as pantaloons, Mr. Hector as policeman, Mr. W. Warde as harlequin, and Miss Gilchrist and Miss L. (not Lardie?) Wilson as columbines.

Miss Lennox Grey, the favourite and accomplished vocalist and actress (late of the Alhambra), &c., has been specially engaged by Messrs. Cave and West to sustain the principal female rôle in their forthcoming pantomime at the Victoria Theatre. We congratulate Messrs. Cave and West upon securing a lady whose exceptionally charming voice and finished style are sure to make her popular with the audience.

Messrs. Gatti have engaged an unusually large and distinguished company for the Adelphi. What they are going to do with all the artistes whom they have engaged we have some difficulty in imagining. They cannot all play in the same piece.

The astute manager of the Gaiety Theatre before absolutely ratifying his agreement with the Comédie Française to give a series of their most famous representations in London has wisely issued the following manifesto: "The entire company of the Théâtre Français are willing to come to England and give 42 representations at the Gaiety Theatre—36 nights and 6 Saturday afternoons—commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and ending Saturday, July 12, a period of six weeks. They are encouraged in this determination by the warm support which was accorded to a portion of their body in London in 1870. This will be the first time the company have ever visited England in their entirety, and it may probably be the last for at least 15 years, as it is only the closing of the theatre for repairs which has created the present opportunity. Their pieces will be selected from upwards of 40 of their most popular dramas, tragedies, and comedies. The necessary official consent has been obtained for their representation, but before the absolute signature of the Minister is asked for, it is thought advisable to ascertain, as far as possible, what amount of support is likely to be accorded to the enterprise by the English public. The elaborate *mise-en-scène* of the pieces cannot be prepared under several months, and no responsible manager would like to invite 70 of the first actors and actresses in France before assuring himself, to some degree, of the reception they are likely to receive. The subscription list will, therefore, be opened at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday, November 23, and closed on Saturday, December 14. The prices will be as follows: Orchestral stalls, 2s.; pit stalls, 1s.; balcony stalls, 1s.; upper box seats, numbered and reserved, 5s.; amphitheatre seats, numbered and reserved, 2s. 6d.; gallery, 2s. Private boxes, £5 5s., £4 4s., £2 12s. 6d., and £2 2s. Subscribers to the whole series will be allowed a reduction of 15 per cent. The performances will be

under the direction of M. Perrin, the director of the Comédie Française, and my representative, Mr. M. L. Mayer; but the responsibility of carrying out the programme will, of course, rest with me. M. Perrin has pledged himself not to bring over his company on any other conditions, or under any other management.—JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD."

On Saturday afternoon at the Globe Theatre Miss St. Quintin gave a successful performance of Serpentine in the *Cloches de Corneville*. Miss St. Quintin is an accomplished vocalist, and she acts with naturalness and grace. She is about as good a substitute for Miss Emma Chambers (who goes to Manchester) as could have been found.

To-night (Saturday) *Our Boys* reaches its 1,250th night. Hengler's Grand Cirque, an institution which seems to possess perennial charms for both old and young, opened for the season on Saturday last with a programme offering attractions which we are sure paterfamilias will find irresistible when the Christmas holidays come on. We shall give a further notice of the performances next week.

On Friday, the 22nd inst., Mr. Wheatcroft, of Astley's, took his benefit at that theatre. Besides *Love in All Corners* and *The Relief of Lucknow*, the programme included a recital of "Horatius," by the *bénéficiare*, which was given with powerful dramatic effect, and one of "Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation," by Mr. F. Fayer, a young gentleman possessed of considerable elocutionary talent, of whom we shall be glad to see and hear more in public.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

LITTLE in the way of novelty has been recently added to the repertory of the season at Her Majesty's Opera. On Monday last *Lucia di Lammermoor* was revived, with Mdlle. Valleria in the title character, in which she made a legitimate success. The steady progress of this clever and gifted young artist is remarkable, and, although she may not have attained the ideal which she strives to reach, her charming voice, cultivated vocalisation, and graceful acting have already made her a general favourite with the British public. In the florid music of the celebrated "mad scene" of the last act she sang better than ever, and secured hearty applause, which was thoroughly well deserved. Signors Gillandi and Rota, in the rôles of Edgardo and Enrico, were efficient, if not attractive, and the minor characters were satisfactorily filled. The opera was followed by the pretty *ballet divertissement*, *Une Fête de Pêcheurs à Pausilippe*, in which Mdlles. Caroline and Adelaide Monti, and a numerous *corps de ballet*, under the guidance of Madame Katti Lanner, elicited frequent expressions of applause.

Faust was announced for Thursday last—too late for notice this week—for the sake of Mdlle. Ambre, the new "Moorish" prima donna, who was to appear in the rôle of Marguerite. In her impersonation of Violetta she had shown herself to possess considerable ability in the execution of florid music, and we hope to be able next week to record her success as Gounod's "traviata," the luckless Marguerite—a very different personage from the wilfully vicious Violetta.

The "last nights" of the season are advertised, and amateurs should, therefore, hasten to profit by the remaining chances of hearing good performances of great operatic works at the low scale of prices now in force at Her Majesty's Theatre.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The forty-seventh season of this venerable society commenced yesterday week with a concert which included Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Of these familiar works it is needless to speak. Of the artists to whom the chief rôles were entrusted favourable mention may be made. Miss A. Williams sang in good style, and it was not her fault that she had to sing music which in some places was unsuited to her voice.

When this young lady sings music written in the ordinary soprano register her voice is all that could be desired, being bright, resonant, and sympathetic. When she has to attack higher portions of the scale her voice is not heard to advantage; but it is to be hoped and expected that with time, study, and practice she will acquire full command of the "upward extension" of voice. Madame Patey sang as delightfully as usual, and her noble contralto voice was in the finest condition. Mrs. Sutersang with good taste the second line in the duet, "I waited for the Lord." Mr. Edward Lloyd, although at first suffering slightly from the effects of recent indisposition, soon recovered the full exercise of his remarkable vocal powers, and sang the "Cujus animam" with an energy and brilliancy which electrified the audience. The bass music was assigned to Mr. Bridson, a young baritone who shows good promise. That the choral and orchestral portions of the music were easily mastered by the forces at Sir Michael Costa's disposal may readily be credited. Unfortunately, there was no diminution of the superabundant noise which has for some time past been an unpleasant characteristic of the Sacred Harmonic Society's performances. There can be little doubt that the chorus and band, combined with the great organ, are far too powerful for Exeter Hall. When they blend, in those outrageous *fortissimi* in which Sir Michael Costa seems now to take special delight, the result is a musical "row" rather than a happy combination of suitable vocal and instrumental forces, and those visitors who have sensitive ears are often subjected to actual pain by the tempests of noise which are awakened and encouraged by the conductor, who must surely be unaware how distressing are the results of his misdirected zeal. Were the committee to reduce the choir by one-half, and to dispense with two-thirds of the noisy brass instruments which have been intruded into classic scores (written before some of those instruments were invented), and were that able organist, Mr. Willing, permitted to play the great organ with the good taste which he invariably displays when unfettered, the performances given by the Sacred Harmonic Society would be more in accordance with what Handel himself would have desired, and infinitely more acceptable to musicians. For some years past we have urged these considerations on the committee, and we are glad to find that some of our daily contemporaries are now advocating similar views.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The eighth concert of the season was given on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace, and the following programme was presented:

1. Symphony in C minor Haydn. (No. 6 of Rieder Biedermann's New Edition.) (First time in England.)
2. Air, "Where'er you walk" (*Semi-le*) Handel. Mr. Edward Lloyd.
3. Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in A flat (Op. 94) Rheinberger. (First time in England.) Pianist—Mr. Charles Hallé.
4. Aria, "Ah! rendimi" (*Mistral*) Abbate Rossi. Miss Fides Keller.
5. Divertissement from *Les Erinnies* Massenet. (First time in England.)
6. Serenade, "Through the night" Schubert. Mr. Edward Lloyd.
7. Solos for Pianoforte Bach. Mr. Charles Hallé.
8. Overture, "La Gazza Ladra" Rossini.

As usual at these admirable concerts the programme derived

special interest from the presentation of novelties. The Haydn Symphony was a welcome specimen of the grand old Viennese master, and was warmly welcomed. Herr Rheinberger's Concerto is a laborious but uninspired effort, and the recent additions made by M. Massenet to his *Les Erinnies* presented little to call for commendation. The orchestral music was excellently played by the fine band, under the direction of Mr. Manns. Mdlle. Keller's voice was apparently out of order. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Hallé obtained well-deserved applause.

THE VIARD-LOUIS CONCERTS.

The concerts organised by Madame Jenny Viard-Louis appear likely to occupy a high position among the chief musical institutions of the metropolis. The first concert of the season was given at St. James's Hall on Tuesday last, and the following programme was executed:

Overture, "Oberon" Weber.	
Danse des Sylphes (fragments from <i>La Damnation de Faust</i> , for Orchestra) Berlioz.	
Capriccio, for Pianoforte (Manuscript) Cherubini. (First time.)	
Madame Jenny Viard-Louis.	
Aria, "Che pur aspro al cuore" Mozart. (First time in London.)	
Miss Emma Thursby.	
Romance, "In my pleasant land of France" Henry Leslie.	
Grand Symphony in D, Op. 73 Brahms. (First time in London.)	
Concerto (Pianoforte, in F major) Hummel. (First time in England.)	
Gavotte Madame Jenny Viard-Louis. (First time.)	
Fantasia Espanola (for Orchestra) Bourgault-Ducaudry. (First time in London.)	
Gevaert.	

It will be observed that the selection of music presented at the opening concert comprised many important works almost wholly new to this country, and it seems likely that the adoption of this course as a fundamental basis of action will give to the Viard-Louis Concerts stability of a special kind, rendering them attractive to professional musicians as well as to earnest amateurs. The chief feature in the programme was the new Symphony by Brahms, respecting which we have only to remark that a second hearing failed to remove the comparatively unfavourable impression respecting it, recorded in these columns, October 12, after the first performance of the Symphony at a Crystal Palace Saturday Concert. It shows the handiwork of an accomplished musician, complete master of his craft, but exhibits no trace of original inspiration. The Cherubini Capriccio was welcomed because of the great name which it bore, but it proved to be a purposeless and incoherent work, containing few passages worthy the reputation of Cherubini. It was ably played by Madame Viard-Louis, and she was still more successful in the Pianoforte Concerto by Hummel, a most charming and melodious composition, which will henceforth occupy a place among the best classics. The pretty Gavotte was heartily welcomed. The Spanish Fantasia was less acceptable. M. Gevaert has found some pleasing and characteristic melodies, but his orchestral treatment of them is too laborious and magniloquent, and when simple little rustic tones are heralded by hurricanes of orchestral noise one is reminded of the conflagrations which Charles Lamb's Chinaman thought indispensable when a little sucking pig had to be roasted. The Mozart aria (from *Belmonte's Costanza*) was a very welcome addition to the repertory of bravura music, and its florid divisions were meritoriously sung by a foreign artiste, Miss Emma Thursby, who possesses a sympathetic soprano voice, of good quality and compass—only needing further cultivation in the lower registers, which have apparently been weakened by undue cultivation of higher notes. A concert so rich in novel attractions presents strong claims on the sympathy of musicians, and it must be added that the various orchestral works were splendidly played by the exceptionally fine band of ninety picked performers, conducted in masterly style by Mr. H. Weist Hill, to whose great ability and untiring zeal the success of the concert was to a considerable extent attributable.

The second of these admirable concerts will be given on Tuesday, December 17, and will be followed by six concerts in January, February, April, May (two), and June next. Lovers of music should lose no opportunity of hearing the superb performances of the band which has been secured for these concerts.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

These entertainments appear likely to become permanently popular, if we may judge from the success of the second concert given at St. James's Hall on Saturday last. The audience was large, and gave cordial recognition to the efforts of the artists—Mdlles. Sherrington, Osgood, M. Williams, De Fonblanque, and Patey; MM. Vernon Rigby, Cummings, Brocolini, and Walter Clifford, by whom the vocal selections were executed, and also to Madame Arabella Goddard, whose execution of Handel's variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was absolutely perfect, and to Mr. Howard Reynolds, for his skilful rendering of Angelina's "Solitude." The vocal selections were mostly of what is termed the "popular" kind, and consisted of solos. This course may be necessary at the London Ballad Concerts, but the programmes of the Saturday Evening Concerts would probably be rendered additionally attractive if well-selected concerted music was performed by the principal vocalists. Praise is due to M. Ganz for his able playing of the pianoforte accompaniments. To-day being St. Andrew's Day, the concert to be given to-night at St. James's Hall will be devoted to Scottish music.

At the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert this afternoon the "Childe Harold" orchestral symphony by Berlioz will be performed, and Herr Strauss will play the viola solo part ("Harold").

The Carl Rosa Opera Company have this week been doing successful business at the splendid new Grand Theatre, Leeds. The rehearsal of Wagner's *Rienzi*, and other important works, to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre a few weeks hence, are actively prosecuted, and a capital *Rienzi* has been secured in Mr. Joseph Maas.

The Walsham English Opera Company have been performing successfully this week at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, the regular forces of the troupe having been strengthened by special engagements made for the occasion with Madame Rose Hersee, Mr. J. W. Turner, Mr. Ludwig, and other popular operatic artists.

In the forthcoming pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre Miss Victoria Vokes will introduce a new song entitled "Cinderella," written expressly for her by Miss Julia Woolf.

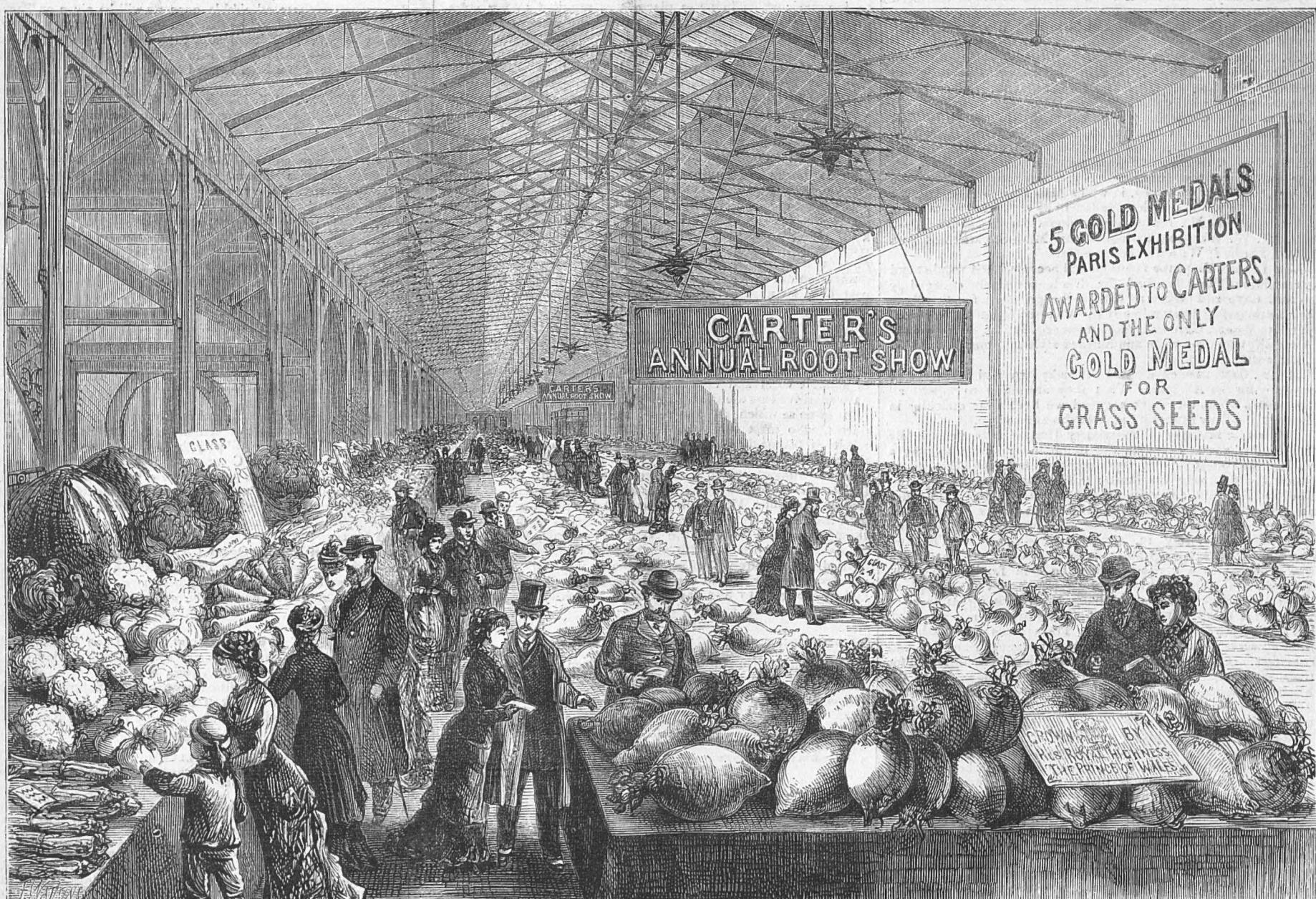
Covent Garden Theatre will be reopened on Saturday next by Mr. Samuel Hayes for a week of English ballad operas, in which the chief tenor roles will be undertaken by Mr. Sims Reeves.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favourite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair 'tis Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and destructive element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

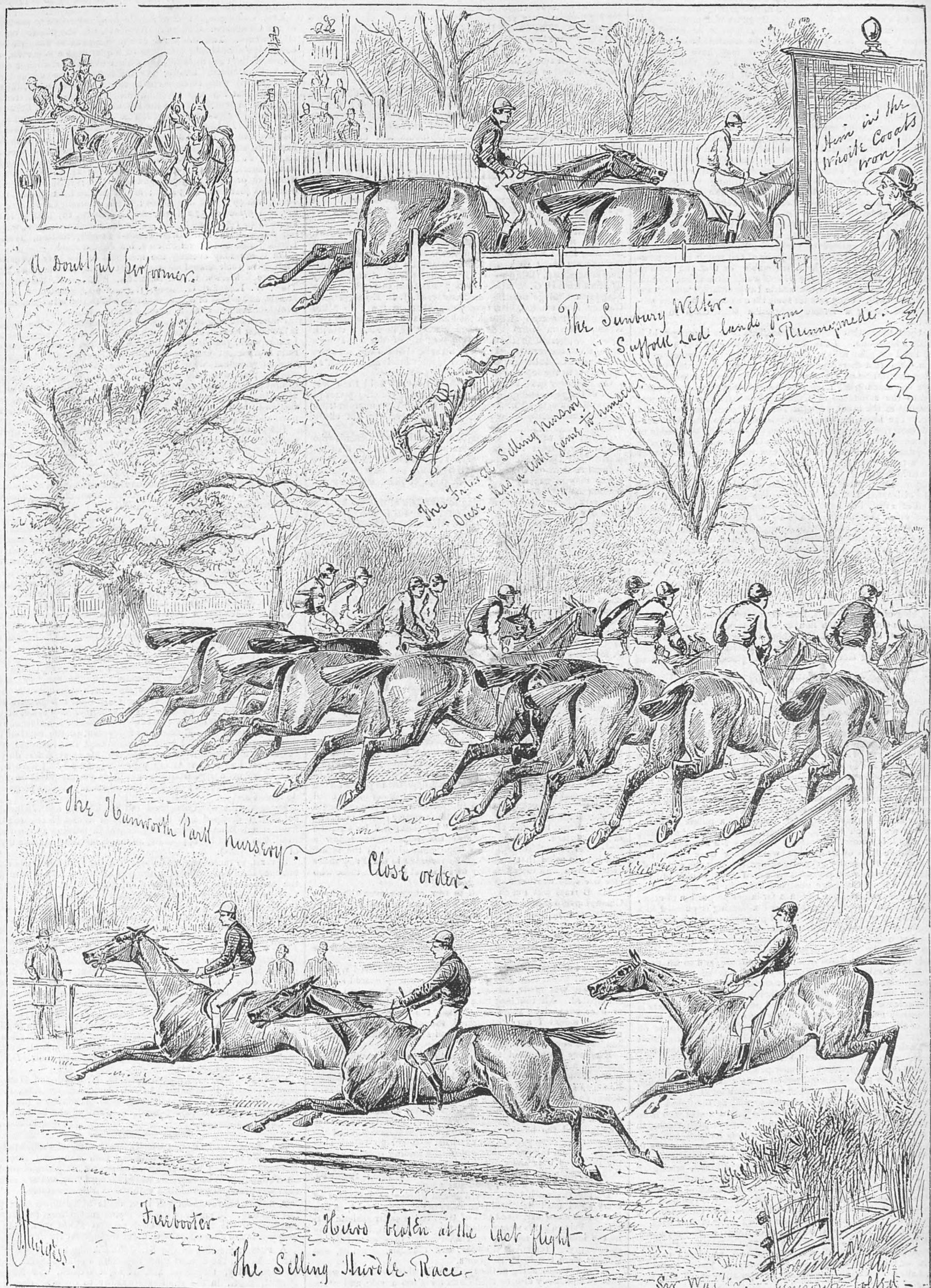
"Your (DR. LOCOCK'S) PULMONIC WAFERS are invaluable for the Voice, Throat, and Chest. All sufferers from Bronchitis, Hacking Cough, and deprivation of rest should take them."—From Mr. Earle, M.P.S., 22, Market-place, Hull. Sold 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]



SCENE FROM "OVER PROOF," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.



THE METROPOLITAN ROOT SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.



COVERT-SIDE GOSSIP.

By "GELERT."

LADIES who ride or drive alone to hounds in the company of their grooms will find themselves conspicuous objects of attention, I imagine, after that extraordinary article in the last number of the *World*, entitled "Faustine with the Foxhounds." It is hinted with somewhat disgusting plainness in that article that ladies who "hunt on wheels" are not infrequently guilty of impropriety with their grooms, especially if the latter happen to be young and "proper" men. It is possible that the incident recorded with so much suggestiveness by the writer may have happened, but to argue from it that ladies of fashion are in the habit of having *liaisons* with their grooms is really too absurd. Miss Braddon has shown us in "Aurora Floyd" that a handsome young groom may be a very dangerous attendant upon a young and impressionable girl, and Mr. Wilkie Collins in the *Belgravian Annual* tells a "Shocking Story" of a young lady who married her uncle's groom; but then he happened to be the illegitimate son of the Countess, her aunt. I remember, too, the excitement caused in a certain well-known East-Anglian town, some twenty years ago, by the elopement of the wife of a wealthy banker, of European reputation, with her groom. I remember, too, that in a fishing village, close to the same town, there lived, as the wife of a humble fisherman, a once well-known beauty and heiress, who had run away with the boatman on her father's lake. All these instances no doubt go to prove that there is an element of danger in allowing young ladies to be too much alone with grooms and men-servants if the latter be possessed of personal attractions. But I scout with ridicule the idea that the majority of fast young ladies now-a-days select their lovers from the stable or that the modern groom is the "Don Juan" the *World* would have us believe him to be. Nevertheless, after that article I expect ladies who "hunt on wheels" will, at any rate for some time to come, take the precaution of having a female companion with them to avoid scandal.

I regret to say that the list of accidents in the hunting-field is already a large one. Lady Florence Dixie's case was a serious one, but I am glad to say that there is no longer any cause for alarm. But that there was at first may be gathered from the following description of the accident:—"At the Manton Brook, where was much grief, Lady Florence, in jumping from her horse to go to the assistance of Captain Middleton's horse, who was drowning in the brook, caught her habit on her pommel, and hung. The horse, becoming terrified, reared up and fell backwards on her, severely crushing her, and causing slight concussion of the brain, which for some time rendered her insensible. Assistance was quickly on the spot, and she was removed to the house of Mr. Custance, the jockey, which was close by, and afterwards by train to Melton."

Major Dent, the master of the Bedale, had his shoulder badly dislocated last week by coming into collision with the bough of a tree, but I hear from a correspondent that he has so far recovered that he hopes to be in the saddle again next week. Mr. Albert E. Sandeman, of Brightwell Park, broke his leg badly when out with the South Oxford-hire the other day, but the bone has set, and it is hoped that he will not long be absent from the hunting field. Mr. Harding, of Bower-lane, broke his collar-bone while out with the Boxley Harriers, and Mr. Frank Sherborn came a cropper while out with Her Majesty's, but beyond a severe shaking, was, I am glad to say, not seriously hurt.

Talking of Her Majesty's, I am very sorry to hear that rabies has broken out among the hounds, and hunting is, therefore, for the present, discontinued. The hounds were to all appearances healthy enough when our artist was down sketching them last week, and Frank Goodall had not the slightest apprehension of any hing wrong.

Naturally the "Summerhayes" case still affords subject for indignant comment at the covert-side. I hinted last week that hunting-men were not always so considerate of farmers as they might be. On this point the *Saturday Review* had some sensible remarks last week which are worth quoting:—"According to what is called the 'economic' view of life, a cartload of turnips, more or less, outweighs any amount of healthy amusement and friendly feeling. Horses are to be scared, and lives risked, and the country made hideous with smells and noises, that the straw may be thrashed out a little quicker, or grain conveyed from one place to another at a more trifling cost. If we are to follow the economic formula and renounce every natural and simple pleasure in order that some squire or farmer may have a rather larger balance at his bankers, then fox-hunting is a public calamity. There is not much reason, however, to dread the immediate success of this theory. Economic doctrines are not any longer the infallible laws of human life which they once threatened to become. It is pretty generally recognised that the end of life is not merely to increase what is called 'the wealth of the country.' Lord Coleridge observed that 'in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and possibly in a far larger proportion of cases, these questions do not arise, because fox-hunting is pursued in a reasonable spirit, and persons do not pursue it over the lands of others against their will, and without compensation.' Occupiers of land who now do their best to make hunting dangerous, and even deadly, by the murderous device of wire fences, might pause, and ask themselves what is their purpose, and to what end do their practices tend? Probably they may be divided into three classes. There may be the economical theorist, who is confirmed in his conduct as long as he holds that the generalisations of his science are the rules of life and private conduct. There is the merely surly and unneighbourly person, who is the worst case of all. Argument is wasted on him; he prefers to be on bad terms with his neighbours, and takes pleasure in the discomfort of himself and every one round him. Lastly, there is the small farmer, who is, or may be, a real sufferer in the interests of the amusement of richer people. In times so bad for farmers as the present his opposition is natural and pardonable, and no one can honestly pretend to be indignant at his apparent surliness. He deserves consideration as well as the fullest compensation, and he even merits the praise due to a man who faces public opinion in what he thinks, and rightly enough thinks, to be the cause of justice. It ought to be easy for rich and educated men to show to poor and uneducated men the example of generosity and considerate dealing. This is the only mode by which fox-hunting can be permanently established, among all economic changes, as a sport not too ridiculously artificial."

Mr. Combe's hounds, I hear, had a very fine run of two hours and forty minutes last week over a stiff country. The field was very select at the close, but those who were in at the finish were all agreed that they had never had a better thing in their lives.

The bad weather has seriously interfered with sport everywhere, especially in the Midlands, but the Quorn, Cottesmore, Pytchley, and Atherstone have, all things considered, no reason to complain, for they have had fair average sport; Sir Bache Cunard's, too, have been worthily sustaining the reputation which they won under Mr. Tailby.

I can hear of little or no gossip worthy of a place in this column, but whether that is because there really is none or because no one cares to make it public I am not prepared to say. I, therefore, turn farther afield. A correspondent tells me that the Roman

hounds commenced hunting on the 18th, but the sport does not seem to have been up to much. The country is so difficult that it is a rare thing to bring a fox to hand, but they had some capital runs last season. The present season is not expected to be a good one, so far as company is concerned, "Rome," says my informant, "being up to this moment comparatively empty of *forestieri*. Indeed, a Roman physician told me to-day that he has never seen the Anglo-American arrivals in such scanty force for eight-and-twenty years—not even in 1850, the year after the Revolution. The financial and mercantile *malaise* in the British Isles may have something to do with it, for even the Roman *bourgeoisie* seem to have winc'd under the recent gigantic failures. All along the Corso you may read at short intervals the announcement of enforced sales, due 'ai fallimenti di Glasgow' (to the Glasgow failures)."

In America fox-hunting, legitimate English fox-hunting, is coming into vogue. The Baltimore Fox-hunting Club have had some good sport already, and have had an opportunity of airing their new club uniform, consisting of black coat with brass buttons, red vests also with brass buttons, top-boots and breeches *en règle*.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

So much other matter remains for me to discuss this week, that space compels me to leave the continuation of my notes of the past cricket season until my next letter.

Athletics luckily have not been so plentiful since my last, although the Cantabs have been busy enough. On Friday and Saturday last Christ's College sports were held, but nothing of any unusual merit took place, the Stranger's race, a 120 yards hurdle handicap, falling to W. G. Winter, 4 yards start, but only by a foot from H. G. Winter, Corpus, 7 yds., time 19 1-5th. At the Magdalen College meeting on Monday, H. J. L. Evans, Trinity College, from scratch, beat twenty opponents in the Two Miles Strangers' Handicap, although the limit was in excess of 200 yds. None of the members' events are worthy of notice, a remark equally applicable to the following meeting of the St. Peter's Club, when the scratch man in the Strangers' Handicap, distance 1,000 yds., C. Bolton, of Caius, was again victorious, beating 24 opponents in the reputed time of 2m. 19 4-5th secs.

On Saturday next the London Athletic Club hold their last meet of the year, and on Boxing-day the executive offer prizes in a 40 miles amateur walk. I don't think they will get many entries, as Christmas festivities will surely be an adversary not easily defeated.

Any of my readers (I am writing on a Thursday, mind) who would like a treat had better journey to St. James's Hall tomorrow (Friday evening), and witness the London Athletic Club's Annual Assault of Arms. I shall be there, and next week the editor informs me we shall give a page of illustrations by our popular artist.

Lovers of aquatics have nothing to complain of this week. On Saturday afternoon Jos. Annan and Benjamin Frame, both of Newcastle-on-Tyne, rowed from the High-level Bridge to Waterman's Gates for 20 sovs, the former winning by about a hundred yards. Then on Monday Wrightson Forster, of Gateshead, and John Stewart, of Ebchester, opposed each other from the Mansion House to Scotswood Bridge for 50 sovs; and Forster, who had never to extend himself, won by three lengths in 28min 22sec.

Londoners did not seem to relish the weather on Tuesday last, when W. Spencer and C. T. Bullman sculled over the championship course for 200 sovs. The below-bridge man was much fancied, but still the veteran was supported. Of the London cracks Mr. Bush "planked" his 200 sovs bet, as usual, and was content to take even money from Bullman's backer, "Bat" Murphy. A few lines will describe the race. Bullman went off at a terrific rate, led by four lengths at the Boathouses, and before making the shoot had increased it to six lengths. Now Spencer began to pull up, and sixty yards below Hammersmith Bridge Bullman was dead settled, and almost stopped, being then in his opponent's water. The ChelSEA man saw his opening, and dashed into his opponent; they got clear, and rowed over the course, but of course Spencer won. Time, 25min 9sec.

Personal insults I never allow to interfere with my duties to my employers and readers, but I was never more inclined to relinquish my intention of noticing an event than I was the one under notice. With two exceptions the Press were compelled to pay for admission to the boat, and when I objected to part with the necessary half-sovereign I was informed that "Blank me, if I did not they would chuck me overboard." Under these circumstances I "parted"; but if these things are to be quietly passed over, any title to respect to which the "fourth" lay claim will be forfeited in the future. I will not give the impudent fellow a gratuitous advertisement, yet I hope competitors in the future will bear in mind that their deeds as recorded in the Press make or mar them, and therefore they owe a slight tribute to those who face wretched weather for their good.

Mr. Barrass will match Boyd to row anyone over the Tyne Championship course for 100 to 1,000 sovs a side in from three to six months from signing articles, or to row any man two matches, one over the Thames course, and one over the Tyne course, for 200 sovs a side each match.

Cambridge University trial heats have been postponed until the 11th prox.

When the long-distance bicycle competition, to which I referred briefly last week, was started, few persons were prepared for the finish that was made, although a good performance had been anticipated. All the best men of the day entered their names, or were entered by some one behind the scenes. I say this because, unless I am misinformed, the champion, J. Keen's, name, was inserted without his permission, and that he had a handsome douceur to make a show.

Everyone anticipated that Cann, the Sheffield crack, would make a big show, but only those immediately connected with young Edlin, of Leicester, fancied he would stay the week out. Keen, as I have stated, only went in for a draw. Stanton broke down, and Terront, the Frenchman, was not in form.

Shortly after three o'clock on the Saturday afternoon the real sport was over, but still the agony was piled on by the executive, who induced the beaten men to come on at intervals, until the last *sous* had been sucked out of those who will go to see anything. When the show was stopped, the leading quintette, with the distances they had covered, were—Cann, 1,060 miles 4 laps; Edlin, 1,025 miles 1 lap; Lees, 952 miles 2 laps; Andrews, 928 miles 2 laps; Terront, 900 miles 4 laps.

During the week there was a grand display of machines of every species, all the principal makers being represented, and to the eye no show surpassed that of Goy, the popular athletic out-fitter. Prize awards were made for the best articles, but, judging by the indignation meeting held afterwards, they were far from satisfactory. Keen, of London, and Humber, Marriott, and Cooper were the lucky recipients.

What is the meaning of the challenge in which somebody wants to back somebody else to ride Cann for £100 a side and "the long-distance championship of the world"?

I should like to know what would constitute the long-distance championship aforesaid. Had they not better, if the match be made, ride round the globe?

Angling does not come within my province, but as I am

particularly fond of the "worm at one end and fool at the other" sport, my editor will, I hope, not think I am poaching in his preserves when I state that a new association, yclept the "Central Angling Association," has been recently formed at the Star and Garter Hotel, St. Martin's Lane. No fewer than twenty-three societies have joined, numbering some 325 members, and Mr. R. Stebbins, the secretary, will be happy to supply any further information.

Last Saturday a quarter of a mile handicap, open to members of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club, was decided on the club ground. The conditions of the competition was that each competitor should ride two laps of a quarter of a mile each, the fastest of the two to count, the winner to hold a challenge cup; C. A. E. Pollock, Trinity, was the holder of the cup, and was handicapped with three seconds start. He won again, though only his first lap was taken, as his foot slipped off the treadle. The time in which he did the lap was 40 sec.; T. E. Scrutton, Trinity, with 4sec did his first lap in 43sec, and his second in 47 sec.; R. W. M'Leod, Clare, with 7sec, was 45 2-5sec over his first lap, and 46 over his second; G. Sampson, Clare, with 6sec handicap, was 49 3-5sec over his first lap, and 45 4-5 over his second; F. Mayor, St. John's, with 5sec, was 42 3-5sec doing his first quarter, and 43 3-5 over his second; H. L. Jones, Caius, with 5sec, occupied 42 3-5sec and 43 1-5sec; J. S. Pinder, with 9sec, was 48sec and 49 3-5sec; M. G. Michael, St. John's, with 12sec, was 49 2-5sec and 50sec; C. G. Murrell, Caius, with 14 sec, was 57sec and 57 2-5 sec; A. L. Manby, St. John's, with 7 sec, was 44 1-5sec and 45sec; J. Scott, Caius, with 3sec, was 42 sec doing each lap. Hon. Keith-Falconer, Sellson, Trotter, Leeds, Jones, and Tower entered, but did not start.

On Wednesday evening the members of the City Gymnastic Club gave their annual entertainment at the Bromley and Bow Institute. Messrs. G. R. Saunders, Johnson, E. Stewart, N. Trew, W. Kennard, G. Airey, J. Saunders, Macfarlane, F. S. Morris, and a host of others assisted, whilst the arrangements of Professor Austen were, as usual, without a fault.

Billiards are now in full swing; "tournaments on the brain" is the latest form of sickness with the supporters of the game. As I anticipated, Joseph Bennett secured the first prize in the Aquarium tournament winning the whole of his games, although his final engagement with Collins in the concluding heat of the week's play was only won "on the pinch" by five points. Collins and G. Hunt tied for second place, and they played off on Monday evening, when the former, who was in his best form, won very easily by 204 points, making two good runs of 133 (35 chasses) and 85 (14 chasses) unfinished.

Joseph Bennett wants to play any one who will take up his challenge, the best of twenty-one games of pyramids, for £100 a side. Here's a chance for Richards, if his friends think it good enough, and if they do I rather fancy "the prince of all-round players" will win, as he has evidently returned to his old form.

Tournaments already fixed are one commencing on Saturday at the Baynard Castle, Queen Victoria-street, under Fred. Bennett's management, and one to take place at St. James's Hall during Cattle Show week, of which T. Taylor is the promoter.

Mr. "Dick" Dunns' "amateur" handicap was commenced at Price and Turner's saloon, Westminster Bridge-road, on Monday evening. Most of the competitors are well known in sporting circles, and the affair is creating a great deal of excitement, several large books being open on the event. Up to the time of writing (Wednesday afternoon) F. Wear (owes 70 points), A. Cowan (owes 20), D. Phillips (receives 25—unopposed), D. McCann (receives 170), G. Lil (receives 85), R. Cunie (receives 75), and T. Blackman (receives 70) have won their heats, the "knocked out" ones being W. Forge (receives 70), J. Ennis (receives 150), R. Corbett (receives 120—absent), E. Bayley (scratch), C. Edmonds (receives 75), H. Fletcher (receives 130), and R. Hall (receives 140). Tom Stuart is acting manager, whilst the promoter himself keeps a watchful eye on the arrangements, which require no further guarantee of their excellency. The prizes are worth winning, the first three having to receive pieces of plate valued respectively at eighty, ten, and five guineas. Messrs. Turner and Price, of the Strand, have supplied an excellent table, which is a facsimile of one they built for the Maharajah of Jeypoor, so the head of the firm assures; but I don't exactly understand that it should play better on that account. By the bye, Mr. Manager, where do you draw your line at in selecting your "amateurs"? I have been told of about thirty certainties, but have put my pieces on Tom Blackman, the sculler; yet I do not advise my readers to go and do likewise.

Being in the neighbourhood of Blackheath on Wednesday evening, I dropped into the Princess of Wales Hotel, where I found Fred. Bennett attempting to give C. Balding 400 in 1000. Fred. was beaten by 144 points, although he made one fine break of 128 (17 spots).

Several, to those who unlike myself enjoy the game, important matches have been decided in the way of football. On Saturday the annual match, Woolwich Academy v. Sandhurst Military College, under Rugby rules, was played at Kennington Oval, and the former won by three ties to one. The second round of the association ties have been drawn, and must be played through by Dec. 31, the result being as follows:—Oxford University v. Royal Engineers, Old Harrovians v. Panthers or Runnymede, Upton Park v. Barnes, Clapham Rovers v. Forest School, Cambridge University v. South Norwood, Grey Friars v. Minerva, Reading v. Old Etonians, Eagley (Bolton) v. Darwen, Pilgrims v. Remants, Swifts v. Romford, Nottingham Forest v. Sheffield Club. On Saturday next, being St. Andrew's Day, the annual match Oppidans v. Colleges will be played at Eton. It is known as "the wall" match, and the teams selected are as follows:—

COLLEGES.—A. B. How, E. Impey, and T. E. Rogers (walls), P. Brydges (captain) and C. W. Chitty (seconds), A. H. Clough (third), A. L. Munn (fourth), A. S. Orlebar (line), J. H. French (flying-man), W. L. Hitchcock (long-behind), and D. E. Naghten (goal-keeper).

OPPIDANS.—G. Wohridge-Gordon, G. R. Smith and Hon. B. Hawke (walls), P. Grenfell and W. Anderson (seconds), P. T. Drake (third), P. C. Morris (fourth), Hon. A. Harbord (line), G. Streatham (captain) (flying-man), S. Cattley (long-behind), and C. Cave (goal-keeper).

EXON.

MR. EDWARD ELGEE, a well-known turfite, who officiated as timekeeper in the great fight between Tom King and Heenan, December 10, 1863, died at his residence at Clapham-common, on Wednesday. The deceased was in his 63rd year, and as a racing man was principally identified with the Woodcote stable.

A GREAT improvement has been made at Sandown since the last meeting. A pathway has been constructed from the station entrance to the Members' Stand, so that ladies need not any longer fear the discomfort of wet feet throughout the day.

A PUBLIC meeting of the St. John's Ambulance Association will be held in the concert-room adjoining the Blackheath Rink, on Wednesday, December 4th, at eight o'clock, Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., in the chair, preparatory to opening classes in the neighbourhood. Among the speakers will be Major Duncan, R.A., Rev. H. Bullock, Rev. R. Rhodes Bristow, Rev. J. Bent, Captain Allsopp, T. S. Jay, Esq., Rev. H. Martin, John Furley, Esq., W. G. Lemon, Esq., LL.B., Dr. Ward Carr, J. R. Taylor, Esq., and F. J. Turner, Esq.

TURFIANA.

BREEDING of thoroughbreds would appear to have taken deep root down West, since we find Mr. Freeman, of Bath, advertising a larger collection of stallions every year at Newbridge Hill. The air and situation are all that can be desired, but racing has never flourished in the fruitful counties verging upon the western main, and even the old meeting on Haldon, near Exeter, a battle-ground on which Mr. T. Parr, Mr. Merry, and Lord Portsmouth have unfurled their racing colours, has been abandoned for lack of support by the county of cider and clotted cream. To return to the capital of Somersetshire, however, we find King Alfred, Asteroid, Joskin, and Master Richard, forming the corner-stones of Mr. Freeman's establishment, for the Earl did no better here than elsewhere last season, and his case seems quite a hopeless one, and beyond the skill of veterinarians to combat. Asteroid is an old standing dish at the Bath haras, but he has never got anything half so good as himself, and it will be remembered that he was a Cup horse as well as a very high-class handicap performer. King Alfred is reported to have made vast improvement since his return from exile, and he is a true son of King Tom, many of whose representatives at the Stud are cast quite in a different mould to their sire, to wit, Kingcraft, King Lud, and other distinguished scions of the old Mentmore pet. Joskin gets nearly everything to run a bit, and if Plebeian had only trained on, and ripened into a high-class three-year-old performer, there is no saying what price his rather angular progenitor might not have commanded. The young Master Richards have not as yet fulfilled their promise in this country, but he can show an imposing list of winners in Ireland, and some yearlings by him have sold well. Most of the Newbridge Hill mares are in foal to the home sires, so that we may soon look for other than "chance" animals in the contingent which Mr. Freeman annually contributes to the Doncaster catalogue.

Kempton Park wound up the racing season with three capital days' sport, and it seems now to be placed beyond the shadow of a doubt that the success of the place is assured, both as a centre of racing, and a paying concern to its promoters, who have managed to set the ball rolling without the extravagant outlay usually incident to the inception of such undertakings. No doubt there still remains much to be done in the way of improvement, but this may all be looked for in due course, and Pallas cannot always be expected to spring full armed from the head of Jupiter. At present the club does not boast of so many members as might have been expected to rally round the new undertaking, but the prosperity of Kempton Park as a racecourse does not depend upon its connection with the club, which is only a convenience to racing men. As to welshing, thieving, and ruffianism in general, the meetings have been singularly free from drawbacks of this kind; ample provision having been made to give suspicious characters a warm reception. Nothing can be better arranged than the Stand accommodation, and the only thing wanting is an alteration in the turn of the running track, which is too much of the "elbow" nature at present, and would bear a great deal of "paring down." At present the price of admission is too low, but perhaps the authorities were right in attracting customers at a cheap rate at first, and we fancy that an extended fee, would not hinder many from journeying thither, while it might have the effect of diminishing the crowds of "great unwashed" who now flock to places of this description. Next year we may expect to find things settled down into their places, and there is plenty of room for both Sandown and Kempton Park to flourish independently, each possessing features of recommendation which are not to be found in its friendly rival.

The step from the legitimate to the illegitimate business is but a short one, and Croydon was, as usual, first in the field with a jumping programme of the usual dimensions. The *furore* for steeplechasing has died away in a remarkable manner, if we may judge from the paucity of entries and generally inferior class of horses now apprenticed to the hurdle-racing or steeple-chasing business. The weather was simply wretched and none but enthusiasts cared to face the wind and rain of the first day, especially as the prospect of sport was by no means brilliant. However backers had a good time of it, and the fields were larger than the list of overnight arrivals promised. Bonchurch in the Maiden Hurdle Race and Lord Colney in the Selling Steeple Chase are both useful sons of Cathedral, and both were mounts of R. I. Anson, who thus began the season well. Lottery scored a ridiculously easy victory in the Steward's Steeple Chase; and that very smart nag, Opoponax, carried his extra weight home in front of some useful *debutantes* over hurdles, subsequently changing hands for 340 guineas. Quits again carried Squire Drake's colours to the front in the Hunters' Race, and he seems quite a "crack" in this line of business, having the real hunter cut about him. Another four-year-old, Bacchus, took the Shirley Hurdle Race, and thus "Oould Oireland" secured her share of the good things provided at Woodside. Lottery also hailing from the Sister Isle. On Wednesday the weather was worse, if possible, than on the preceding day, and the sport of a most disappointing character, only the Grand National Hurdle Race being worth notice, and this fell to the share of the foreigners, neither Jacobin nor Royal Oak II., being able to make anything of a fight of it with Chimere. The other races were of no more than passing interest, and we fear that, financially, at least, the Croydon Meeting must be written down a dismal failure.

Business was not particularly brisk at Albert Gate on Monday, and the great anxiety seemed to be to catch a glimpse of Hop-bloom, who, however, was returned unsold, and though he is still the same handsome horse as ever, he sadly lacks size, and reminds us more of his sire than anything we can remember. Breeders are shy of taking in hand small and light horses, but we fancy they are better goods in the end than half the helpless, sprawling customers which measure so many feet the girth and so many inches below the knee, while most of them are unable to move at all. As to the rest of the Duke's string, they either fetched moderate prices or were withdrawn; and we never witnessed a sale of such ragged lots as those which formed the Bateman contingent. There was nothing of any size in the whole boating, and they all looked half starved, while many of the yearlings were altogether unable to move. No wonder, therefore, that prices ruled disappointingly low, and we are only surprised that his lordship should have cared to take any of them home again, for many will surely not pay their travelling expenses.

Next Monday there will be another "weed out," this time from the Manton stable, the patrons of which annually get rid of their encumbrances at the close of the season, thereby showing their good judgment, for the room of duffers is better than their company, and they may be reckoned as so many "useless mouths" in a large establishment. Most of the horses in training are pretty well known to the public, who have backed Prince George and Norwiche times without number, while Helter-Skelter, Trommel, The Manse, and others, have all figured in the Crawford scarlet. There is, of course, a Makeshift filly and some two year olds of the same sex, which are not reckoned worth keeping at Fyfield, where Alec Taylor seems to have more horses in training than ever, and everyone must rejoice that the owner of Sefton has had so good a season, for luck has certainly been dead against him up to the season now concluded. The brood mares are all fashionably covered, and intending purchasers can form a pretty correct idea of the likelihood of their

being in foal, which is the advantage of buying at this time of year. Quicksand (covered by Cremorne) is eighteen years old, and one of the youngest Touchstone mares in "the book," but she has not done much as yet, but Miss Roland is young enough to breed another Craig Millar, soing that she dates back only to 1863, and her five-year-old daughter, Donyello (also due to Blair Athol), will follow her dam into the ring. Lizzie Greystock, by Master Bagot out of Rapidan, has not had much of a chance as yet, and may not have forgotten her first love, the "carthorse," since which Alexander and Pell Mell have been her "consorts of a year." Corrie is by Stockwell out of the speedy Mayonnaise, and in her eighth year, and covered by Macaroni. So that there is plenty of variety for purchasers, and we have no doubt of a good attendance in the yard on Monday next. Mr. Freeman sends up half a dozen "remanets" from the Doncaster "sittings" in September, and as most of them are out of the dams of winners, and as they are not heavily engaged, trainers with a few vacancies in their establishments might do worse than take pity upon these well-bred youngsters, which claim sireship from Lecturer, Albert Victor, Carnival, King Lud, and Asteroid. We looked them over at Doncaster, and thought then, as we think now, that they had been strangely underrated; but there can be no use in keeping them eating their heads off during the winter, and we suppose they must go, as the saying is, "at an alarming sacrifice."

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

KEMPTON PARK MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

The SUNBURY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. H. Manser's Suffolk Lad, by Suffolk—Cheesecake 6 yrs (inc 7lb ex) (J. Manser), 1; Mr. Myton's Runnymede, 4 yrs. (Constable), 2; Mr. G. Gilpin's Master Everard, 3 yrs, (Glover), 3. 8 ran.

The HANWORTH PARK NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Gretton's Rosalind, by Rosicrucian—Fair Rosamond, (Huxtable), 1; Mr. T. Cannon's Telephone, (Watts), 2; (Barlow), 3. 8 ran.

The WOLSEY SELLING WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Hughes's Laird of Glenorchy, by Breadalbane—Lady of the Forest, 5 yrs, (T. Cannon) 1; Mr. H. Mannington's Nonsense, 4 yrs, (F. Archer), 2; Mr. Burton's Granada, 4 yrs, (J. Morris), 3. 12 ran.

The MIDDLESEX HANDICAP.—Sir J. D. Astley's Drumhead, by Drummer-Refreshment, 5 yrs. (in 10lb ex) (car 8st 11lb) (Constable), 1; Lord Anglessey's Conductor, 3 yrs, (Heather), 2; Mr. Case-Walker's Blue Ruin, 4 yrs, (Aldridge), 3. 6 ran.

The FULLYBELL SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. John Nightingall's Delicious, by d'Estourmal—Delight, (Weedon), 1; Mr. A. Brigg's f by Musket—Carine, (Barker), 2; Mr. C. Blanton's Glen Jorsa, (Haywood), 3. 12 ran.

A MAIDEN SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Wyatts Freebooter, by Rosicrucian—Armada, 3 yrs, (Levert), 1; Mr. Newman's Hiero, 3 yrs, (car. 10st 5lb) (Gregory), 2; Mr. E. Woodland's Sir Walter, 5 yrs, (Mr. J. Goodwin), 3. 4 ran.

The WALTON HURDLE HANDICAP.—Captain Paget's Chilblain, aged, (J. Jones), 1; Mr. T. J. Clifford's Nymphlet, 6 yrs, (Lawrence), 2; Mr. F. Patmore's Cocotte, 6 yrs, (J. Potter), 3. 7 ran.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

The CHERTSEY SELLING HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. M. Taylor's br c Freebooter, by Rosicrucian—Armada, 3 yrs, 1st 11st 1lb (Lawrence), 1; Mr. J. Johnson's b f Abel Miss, 4 yrs, 1st 10st 8lb (Gregory), 2; Mr. J. S. Haldorf's b f Oona, 3 yrs, 1st 10st 4lb (Gilks), 3. 4 ran.

The MILITARY HURDLE SWEETPIEKS.—Mr. Ward's br g Moonstone, by Knight of the Crescent—Miss Atherton, 5 yrs, 1st 1st (Mr. Dabbiac), 1; Mr. F. L. Russell's Early Dawn, 6 yrs, 1st 1st 5lb (Mr. Irwin), 2; Capt. Abbott's b m Andalouse, aged, 1st 1st 5lb (Mr. G. W. Williams), 3. 3 ran.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Sir W. Throckmorton's br g by Lymington—Tais, 4 yrs, 1st 1st 5lb (Mr. H. Owen), 1; Mr. T. T. Drake's br c Quits, 4 yrs, 1st 1st 4lb (Mr. Crawshaw), 2; Mr. E. Woodland's ch g Merryfield, 4 yrs, 1st 1st 7lb (Mr. Goodwin), 3. 4 ran.

The KEMPTON PARK HANDICAP.—Mr. Crawford's ch c Avontes, by Distin—a-vondale, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb (inc 4lb ex) (F. Archer), 1; Mr. F. Morton's b f Lorna Doone, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb (Barker), 2; Mr. Cameron's ch c Misenus, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (in 7lb ex) (Galton), 3. 13 ran.

A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Golby's ch f Goshawk, by Wild Moor—Aglia, 8st 2lb (C. Wood), 1; Mr. J. Nightingall's s c Prince, 8st 4lb (Morby), 2; Mr. C. J. Langlands's b f Silens, 7st 13lb (car 8st 2lb) (Constable), 3. 14 ran.

The WINDING-UP WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Leleu's b c King Sheppard, by Kingcraft—Miss Sheppard, 3 yrs, 1st 1st 12lb (F. Webb), 1; Mr. T. Ansley's br f Miss Eleanor, 4 yrs, 1st 1st 5lb (Morby), 2; Mr. W. Gregory's b f Lady of the Forest, 3 yrs, 1st 1st (Constable), 3. 14 ran.

The RICHMOND NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Capt. Machell's br f Bread-finder, by Brown Bread—Ethel, 8st 12lb (F. Archer), 1; Mr. M. Taylor's b c by Ventnor—Georgiana, 6st 7lb (Miley), 2; Mr. C. J. Langlands's br f Herzegovina, 7st 7lb (A. Hall), 3. 19 ran.

The SHAPTON SELLING PLATE.—Capt. Machell's b f Citoenene, by Joskin—Opaline, 2 yrs 6st 10lb (Lemaire), 1; Mr. H. Tuckwell's b h Elsham Lad, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb (R. Wyatt), 2; Mr. Harvey's b m Medora, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb (T. Luce), 3. 11 ran.

MATCH, 100 sovs, both two year olds.—Mr. Savage's Larkspur, 7st 7lb, agst Mr. E. Kent's Hart o' Greece, 8st 10lb. Half a mile.—Off by consent.

MANCHESTER NOVEMBER MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

The TRAFFORD SELLING STAKES.—Mr. J. Bickley's c by Strathconan—Traffic, 3 yrs (Morby), 1; Lord Lascelles's Paul Pry, 2 yrs (Carlisle), 2; Mr. Smith's Red Cross Knight, 5 yrs (T. Osborne), 3. 4 ran.

A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Miant's Heliotrope (Lemaire), 1; Lord Wilton's b by Parmesan—Dora (W. Macdonald), 2; Mr. Hall's f by Typhous—Disguise (W. Sandford), 3. 6 ran.

The PHILIPS' SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Hodgson's Queen Charlotte, by Adventur-r—Charlotte, 3 yrs (Fagan), 1; Mr. Jones's Caballo de Oros, 5 yrs (Bruckshaw), 2; Mr. Green's Spinster, 4 yrs (Morgan), 3. 4 ran.

The MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP.—Lord Hartington's Belphobe, by Tokop ilite—Vaga, 4 yrs (H. Jeffery), 1; Lord Wilton's Footstep, 5 yrs (Hopkins), 2; Mr. W. Brown's Mars, 6 yrs (Howe), 3. 12 ran.

The DUNHAM MASSEY STEEPECHASE (handicap)—Mr. T. Wilkinson's Truth, by Rowsham—Extract, 5 yrs (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Sir T. Hesketh's Concha, 5 yrs (Mr. Jacobs), 2. 2 ran.

The WINDING-UP WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Wadlow's Instantly, by Paul Clifford—Alzazelle, aged (Morgan) + w.o.; Mr. D. Cooper's St. Athavon, by Strathconan—Parade, 6 yrs (F. Webb); Mr. Robinson's Nydia, 3 yrs (Newhouse), 3. 10 ran.

A CUP of 200 SOVS.—Mr. W. H. Shaw's Telescope, by Speculum—Remembrance, 6 yrs (Snowden), 1; Mr. T. Jennings's Ecossais, aged (Goater) 2. 2 ran.

ALEXANDRA PARK LAST AUTUMN TROTTING MEETING.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

The HORSEY STAKES (First Heat).—Mr. R. Hillier's b m Gentle Jennie, 13.0, Benthall Green, 250 yards start (J. Greenlee), 1. 5 ran. (Second Heat).—Mr. S. Chadwick's b m Harebel, 13.0, Kingsland, 275 yards start (Cudwick, jun.), 1. 5 ran.

The PALACE STAKES, (First Heat).—Mr. J. Blumson's w g Spotted Colt (driven), 15.1, London, 75 yards start (M. Lachlan), 1. 7 ran. (Second Heat).—Mr. W. Hodgkin's b m Miss Hampton, 15.2, London, 50 yards start (W. Hodgkin, jun.), 1. 7 ran. (Third Heat).—Mr. R. Hillier's b m Leah (driven), 14.0, Benthall Green, 450 yards start (A. M. Mann), 1. 7 ran. (Fourth Heat).—Mr. J. Stevens's b m Wild Flower, 14.0, Ealing, 350 yards start (Stevens), 1. 5 ran.

FINAL HEATS.

The HORSEY STAKES.—Mr. J. Stevens's ch g Tommy, 12.3, Ealing, 175 yards start (Stevens, jun.), 1. 5; 4. 1.

The PALACE STAKES.—Mr. W. Hodgkin's b m Miss Hampton, 14.2, London, 500 yards start (W. Hodgkin, jun.), 1. 5; 1. 1.

TENBY STEEPECHASES.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

The SOUTH PEMBROKESHIRE HUNT PLATE.—Mr. F. Bowers's b g Jolly Tar (late Chance), by Nine Elms—Pharoah, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb (J. Vaughan), 1; Mr. C. H. Wilson's b g Dutch Sam, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (Owner), 2; Mr. C. R. Vicker's b g Lydstep, aged, 1st 7lb (J. Lewis), 3. 3 ran.

The TOWN PLATE.—Mr. F. Bowers's r m Gingerbread by Brown Bread—Snowdrop, aged, 11.7 lb (Mr. Trewett), 1; Mr. T. Ree's b g Simpleton, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb (Mr. C. Parkinson), 2. 2 ran.

The GARRISON PLATE.—Mr. G. Gwyther's b g Stackpole, by Priestcraft—Hoplax, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (Mr. F. Bowers), 1; Mr. F. Bowers's b g Romping Girl, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb (Mr. F. Cotton), 2; Mr. T. Russell's Little Wonder, 4 yrs, 1st (Mr. Craddock), 3. 5 ran.

MATCH, 25 sovs each, 10st. Two miles, over flies.

Captain Cotton's Hit or Miss, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (Mr. T. Gwyther), 1; Mr. F. Bowers's b m Gipsy, aged, 1st (Mr. J. Rudd), 3. 2 ran.

STEWARS' CUP.—Mr. F. Bowers's r m Gingerbread, aged, 1st 12lb (Mr. F. Cotton), 1; Mr. C. H. Wilson's b g Dutch Sam, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (Owner), 2; Mr. J. Riste's b m Lady Emily, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb (Owner), 3. 6 ran.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

MATCH.—Mr. F. Bowers's b f Romping Girl, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb (Mr. T. Craddock), 1; Mr. F. Lort Phillips, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb (Mr. Lort-Phillips), 2.

The LADIES' PLATE.—Mr. C. H. Wilson's b g Dutch Sam, by Dermot Asthore—Starlight Bess, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb (Owner), 1; Mr. F. Bowers's b g Jolly Tar, 5 yrs, 1st 8lb (Mr. T. Gwyther), 2. 4 ran.

OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPECHASE PLATE.—Mr. F. C. Cobden's b g Taffy, by King Charming, dam by John's Gaunt, aged, 1st 7lb (Mr. Trewett), 1; Mr. T. Briscoe's b m Orange Blossom, aged, 1st 7lb (Mr. A. Wilkinson), 2; Mr. T. Smyth's ch g Fez (Mr. Flutter), 3. 3 ran.

The MAINDIFF COURT SELLING PLATE.—Mr. W. B. Partridge's r m Gingerbread, by Brown Bread—Snowdrop, aged, 1st 7lb (Mr. Trewett), 1; Mr. F. Bowers's b g Cameron, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb (Mr. W. F. Cotton), 2; Mr. G. Gwyther's b g Stackpole, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (Mr. T. Gwyther), 3. 4 ran.

CROYDON MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

A MAIDEN HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Nightingall's br c Bonchutch, by Cathedral—Barmston's dam, 4 yrs, 1st 11st 5lb (R. I. Anson), 1; Capt. Mercier's b m Helen Mar, aged, 1st 11st 10lb (Owner), 2; Mr. W. Burton's br f Gwendoline, 3 yrs, 1st 10st 7lb (Gregory), 3. 5 ran.

The STEEPECHASE.—Mr. Tuckwell's ch b Lord Colney, by Cathedral—Violet, aged, 1st 10st 10lb (R. I. Anson), 1; Mr. C. J. Halford's br g Great Eastern, aged, 1st 10st 10lb (Mr. W. Johnstone), 2; Mr. A. Yates's b c King Sweep, 4 yrs, 1st 10st 7lb (Childs), 3. 6 ran.

The STEWARDS' STEEPECHASE (handicap)—Lord Fermoy's b Lottery, by Master Bagot—Blueberry, 5 yrs, 1st 10st 4lb (T. D'Alton), 1; Mr. A. Yates's b h Jupiter, 6 yrs, 1st 10st 7lb (Childs), 2; Mr. C. Howard's br m Quibble, aged, 1st 10st 8lb (Mr. W. H. Johnstone), 3. 8 ran.

The THREE-YEARS OLD HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Nightingall's b c Opoponax, by Cymbal—Aetna, 1st (J. Jones), 1; Mr. J. Potter's b f Samaria, 1st 10st (Holt), 2; Mr. T. Mill's b f Sister Louise, 1st 10st (Alen), 3. 5 ran.

The NOVEMBER HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. T. Drake's br c Quits, by Restitution—Worthless, 4 yrs, 1st 10st (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Capt. Pigott's ch g Roundhead, 6 yrs, 1st 10st (M. A. Yates), 2; Mr. T. Hughes's ch g by Flash in the Pan—Real Jam, 5 yrs, 1st 10st 2lb (Mr. Beull), 3. 6 ran.

The SHIRLEY HURDLE RACE (handicap).—Mr. J. Power's ch c Bacchus, by Uncas—Nellie's dam, 4 yrs, 1st 10st 8lb (Fleming), 1; Mr. T. Read's ch f Sagas, 3 yrs, 1st 10st (T. Read), 2; Mr. H. Kymill's br g Collingbourne, 4 yrs, 1st 10st (G. Lowe), 3. 8 ran.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

The ADDISCOMBE STEEPECHASE (handicap).—Mr. A. Yates's b c Extinction, by Lord Lyon—Curfew Bell, 4 yrs, 1st 10st 10lb (Mr. Barnes), 1; Mr. A. Yates's b c King Sweep, 4 yrs, 1st 10st 10lb (Childs), 2; Mr. R. Miles's b f Forget me Not, 4 yrs, 1st 10st 7lb (Allen), 3. 5 ran.

The SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. T. Craig's br g Huntingfield, by Mousie—Roe, aged, 1st 10st 10lb (Mr. H. Marsh), 1; Mr. C. Hibbert's b c Gimcrack, 4 yrs, 1st 10st 7lb (Mr. R. Shaw), 2; Mr. E. Woodland's b g Warwick, aged, 1st 10st 8lb (car 1st 10st 10lb) (Owner), 3. 8 ran.

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS ANNIE BEAUCLERC.

The lady whose portrait appears on our first page is considered one of the best opera bouffe artistes on the stage at the present time; she is an accomplished singer and a charming actress. Before adopting the stage as a profession Miss Annie Beauclerc had studied singing under some of the best masters—viz., Signors Vaschetti, Brizzi, &c. Her first appearance on the London stage was at the Olympic Theatre, as Glow-worm in *Prince Camaralzaman*, and subsequently as Queen Mamorusie, in the same burlesque; she also played Mrs. Fix, in the late Mr. John Oxenford's comedy of *A Cleft Stick*, &c. She remained five months at the Olympic, and at the termination of this engagement proceeded to the provinces, on tour, to play the principal parts in the late William Brough's charmingly-written burlesques, *Prince Amabel*, *Perseus and Andromeda*, *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, &c. After making a successful appearance in nearly all the principal towns in England, this lady was engaged by Mr. F. B. Chatterton to play in *Little Snow White*, at the Adelphi Theatre, where she remained until the withdrawal of the piece. Her next important engagement was to play Drogan, in Offenbach's opera, *Genevieve de Brabant*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool; the opera ran a considerable time, and she added much to her reputation, both as a singer and actress. So great was the success of this opera that the management made arrangements to produce *Genevieve de Brabant*, with Miss Annie Beauclerc as Drogan, at Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, and other principal towns. At the termination of this tour Miss Beauclerc undertook, at twenty-four hours' notice, to play the part of Amoroso in Offenbach's opera, *The Bridge of Sighs*, at the St. James's Theatre, the lady originally cast for the part being taken ill suddenly. Miss Beauclerc's reception was most enthusiastic, and the opening serenade for Amoroso, "List to my song, fair creature," was so charmingly sung that it was twice encored, and she at once established herself as an artiste of ability. Subsequently to this she fulfilled an engagement at the Opera Comique, under the management of Mr. Hingston, to appear in *The Bohemians*. For nearly six months this year Miss Beauclerc was on tour, playing Clairette, Drogan, and her original part, Amoroso, at Birmingham, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Newcastle, Nottingham, &c., and a few evenings since we heard Miss Annie Beauclerc sing at a concert at the Castle Hotel Rooms, Richmond, on which occasion she was in capital voice, and well merited the applause she received. Miss Beauclerc is married to Mr. E. Rosenthal, the well-known singer and actor.

Our portrait is engraved from a photograph taken by the "Vanderweyde" light.

MR. HERBERT STANDING.

THIS popular young actor, whose portrait we have the pleasure of publishing in this week's issue, was born in November, 1846, and was educated for the Civil Service, which he entered, but only remained in it a very short time, the monotony and routine being too irksome to one who had a natural desire and taste for the stage. His parents (who were Quakers) strongly objected to the idea, and did all in their power to prevent "young hopeful" from entering upon a life so much against their opinions and wishes. This was, however, of no avail. "He would be an actor," and, as a commencement, ran away from his home, and went to sea. Having no funds to speak of, Herbert had to enact the part of a sailor in real earnest, and worked his way out to South Africa, where he arrived with a limited capital, but plenty of pluck and determination. He at once found employment, and worked on steadily for nearly a year, when a longing for home took possession of him, and he "took ship for England," and encountered the great storm in the Bay of Biscay (in which the ill-fated London was lost, with all on board, among them Mr. G. V. Brooke), happily arriving with some cash in his pocket; Mr. Standing now turned his thoughts more seriously to the stage, and secured an engagement at the New Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan, for the part of Langford in *Still Waters*, Mr. Charles Wyndham playing Hawksley. At the conclusion of this engagement he played Prince Hal in selections from *Henry IV*, to the Falstaff of the late Mark Lemon throughout the United Kingdom. After considerable work and drudgery in many provincial towns, Mr. Standing was engaged by Dion Boucicault for the part of Don Manuel in *A Dark Night's Work* at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Boucicault relinquishing the management, Mr. Chatterton engaged him to support the late eminent actor, Mr. Phelps, and he appeared as Cassio in *Othello*, Lovewell in *The Clandestine Marriage*, Valentine in *Faust* and *Marguerite*, and various other characters, with signal success. Here may be mentioned the great kindness and

assistance he received from Mr. Phelps, who was always ready, as many know, to help on a conscientious young actor. He was then engaged by the late Mr. Bateman for the Lyceum, where he appeared as Christian in *The Bells*, Mr. Irving, of course, playing Mathias. He then played in *The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, afterwards at the Duke's Theatre, Holborn, then just re-opened by Mr. Horace Wigan, under the style of the Mirror, where he made a decided hit in his imitations of popular actors. It is not generally known that Mr. Standing possesses a robust tenor voice, which with some cultivation should be of good service to him; he is also an accomplished athlete. Mr. Standing's present engagement at the Criterion Theatre has extended over a period of more than three years, during which he has had only three weeks' holiday. He has played the part of Sir Percy Wagstaff in the wonderfully successful *Pink Dominos* more than 500 nights—a part which has stamped him as an actor of great intelligence, and gained for him the highest notices from the press. The continuous performance of one part may be detrimental to an actor, but Mr. Standing has proved that he is not only not an idle man, but that he is not spoilt through playing one part so long, by his excellent portrayal of various important parts at matinées—notably that of Captain Hawkesley in *Still Waters*, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham appeared as Mildmay.

Mr. Standing is brother of Mr. F. H. Celli, so long connected with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and of Mr. W. T. Carleton, the principal barytone of the Kellogg Opera Troupe in America.

We are indebted to the London Stereoscopic Company for the photograph from which our engraving is taken.

London, and as his wife would not relinquish her Drury Lane engagement the worthy couple lived apart on the best of terms.

LIFE AMONGST THE GUACHOS.

THE Guachos, who are descended from the natives of South America, and those immigrants who were brought over by Garay, the founder of Buenos Ayres, are a tall race of men with black hair and a bronzed complexion. The lasso and the bolas of the Indian are the arms of the Guachos and the horse of the Spaniard their companion. They live on the edge of the desert at the extreme limits of the inhabited part of the country. The Guacho exists almost always on horseback; he is sometimes owner of a herd of oxen and horses, which he tends and looks after, although frequently his horse is his sole property. He travels from estancia to estancia—from farm to farm—offering his services as a breaker-in of horses. The dwelling, or rancho, of the Guacho is seldom anything else but a thatched hut, surrounded by walls made of reeds. Before the door is the "palanque," with rows of stakes, to which those horses are fastened which are to be used for the day's work; the others are allowed to roam about on the different properties, which, owing to the great expense, are not enclosed. In consequence of this each proprietor has his own mark, which is made on the thigh of each animal, and, as these change hands very often, they are frequently to be seen covered with as many marks as they have had owners. The skins, fat, bones, and hair form a considerable export, and are a source of great profit to the Guachos, who thus frequently become very rich. He is, however, a gambler, and, once supplied with money, is more often to be met at the "pulperias" than in the rancho. He is very apathetic and vain, and fond of parading himself at races, where, in addition to every opportunity being afforded him to

gambles, he can also show himself in extravagant dress, consisting of a woollen poncho of some bright colour, wide embroidered breeches, high boots, with enormous spurs, and a fine straw hat, around which generally a red or scarlet handkerchief is wrapped. Guachos pass their lives in the poncho, smoking cigarettes, playing the guitar, or sipping "mate," which is a species of tea made in a gourd and imbibed through a metal tube; or else, leaping on their horses, which are always saddled, they hunt the wild horses, which they capture with marvellous skill, by means of the lasso, and return to the rancho to smoke, play the guitar, and sip the "mate" over again. During the day the Guachos seldom drink anything else. In the evening they kill one or two bullocks, which they roast and eat, sitting on stools, made of the skulls of oxen, placed round a fire in the middle of the room.

THE METROPOLITAN ROOT SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

MESSRS. CARTER'S Annual Metropolitan Root Show commenced at the Agricultural Hall on Saturday last, and has been very extensively patronised. Among the contributors—Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, the Right Honourable Lord Redesdale, the Right Honourable Lord Clinton,

Right Honourable Lord Foley, the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington, the Right Honourable Lord Warwick, the Right Honourable Lord Sondes, Sir William Farquhar, Sir Curtis Lampson, Sir Charles Russell, Admiral Sir G. N. B. Middleton, Sir Richard F. Sutton, Major Allfrey, Central London District Schools, East Barnet Local Board, Mrs. Morten (Bailiff, Mr. Cave), Her Majesty's Convict Prison, Woking; Bedford Urban Sanitary Authority, Middlesex County Asylum; South Metropolitan District Schools, Professor Buckman, Lord Warwick, and Birmingham Tame and Rea District Drainage Company, Express Milk Company, Eton Local Board, and a whole host of landed gentry, representing customers of Messrs. Carter, contributing to this exhibition.

There were no less than thirty-two classes, with three and in some cases four, prizes to each class. We have not space to enumerate all the interesting features of the show, but we believe we are correct in stating that Messrs. Carter's exhibition includes this year some of the largest mangel wurzels that have ever been seen in England, and an additional interest attaches to this section of the show from the fact that these roots have been sent from some of Messrs. Carter's prominent customers in the Dominion of Canada. It will be within the recollection of our readers that Messrs. Carter received the highest awards for English seeds at the Paris Exhibition—comprising five gold medals—the most important being the only gold medal for grass, which they won after a spirited competition with ten of the leading English and Continental houses. Our artist's drawing gives a fair idea of the *tout ensemble* of the show.

(Continued on page 254).



MR. HERBERT STANDING.

THE SIX DAYS' BICYCLE CONTEST AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

This long-distance contest commenced at six o'clock on Monday morning, the competitors being well-known bicyclists from London and the provinces. The racing was confined to eighteen hours a day, and the winner was to receive £100, the second man £25, the third £15, and the fourth £10. Twelve of the best-known professionals of the day sent in their names. The attendance at the Hall during the week was pretty good, and the building at times was exceedingly well attended. The distances traversed by those who continued to the end just before eleven last Saturday night were:—Cann, 1,660 miles 4 laps; Edlin, 1,025 miles 1½ laps; Lees, 952 miles 2 laps; Andrews, 928 miles 3 laps; Terront, 900 miles 4 laps; Higham, 707 miles 2½ laps; Evans, 704 miles 2½ laps.

FAMOUS ACTRESSES OF THE PAST—MRS. WARD.

WHEN Mrs. Siddons was yet achieving greatness and was new to fame Mrs. Ward looked down upon her from the elevation of a popular favourite, the Melpomene of the hour. Her maiden name was Hoare, and when first a passionate desire to be an actress inflamed her soul she was a mantua-maker in Liverpool. She made her first appearance on the Liverpool boards under the management of Mr. Younger, and rose rapidly into favour. Mr. Ward—formerly a printer—was then a comedian on the same boards. He fell in love with, and married, her. From Liverpool she went to London and appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, where she long held rank as the leading actress. Her husband—who was afterwards manager of the Manchester Theatre, failed in

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THE management of the Duke's Theatre—either out of compliment to Miss May Howard, who comes from the land of levelling influences, or because they found that too much pit was not good for business—have replaced the stalls in their theatre. No doubt it was an easy matter to make a show of eager pitites in the front rows of the pit when it ran right up to the footlights, but the area



An acting Manager
who is real jam!

(to quote the programme of the Duke's again) "made so profound a sensation at the Vaudeville Theatre, in Paris." This programme is a fine piece of literary work, doubtless the emanation of the highly-strung intellect of Mr. J. W. Currans, the acting manager. It renders criticism of a praiseful kind utterly unnecessary. If you obtain a bill of the play you have got a most ample inventory of all the qualities of the entertainment. In the first place, the piece is described as "the Grand Emotional Play, in five acts." That it is grand is questionable, unless it be a grand mistake. That it

is a relief, however, to find, on further acquaintance with the impassioned programme, that this alludes to the Colonies. Harken to the further words of wisdom: "In submitting this wonderful play to an English audience, the managers hope to ensure as great an appreciation of talent as was received by Miss Howard both by the press and the public throughout the Colonies and America." I wonder how deep was the "interest" on the money spent on this production. It would also be a curious study to watch the "enthusiasm" it has "elicited" in the breasts of the management. I fancy the enthusiasm on the part of the audiences of the Colonies and America must have been more attributable to Miss May Howard than to Miss Multon. Miss May Howard is a remarkably fine woman: Miss Multon is far from an interesting person. In all conscience we have had enough of *East Lynne* and Isabelle Carlyle to satisfy us with the morbid idiocy of a woman who hankers after her own children in the disguise of a nurse without having Miss Multon down upon us. The play is an unfortunate one for a lady to have made her first appearance in before a London audience. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm and deep interest of the Colonies, the translation is a bad one, full of hoity-toity blank-verse lines (rather more blank than verse), and the whole affair lacks reality of emotion and sentiment that would be fatal even to a play of less dimensions. There is a haughty master and husband, "Mons. de Latour," whose priggishness is happily preserved in his little darlings, Jeanne and Paul (aged respectively 12 and 15, see programme). These children not only inherit the admirable qualities



More of those dreadful Children

of the floor of the house is very large, and even in cases of large audiences assembling, there must have been a dreary gap at the rear of the enormous pit. Mr. Clarence Holt and Mr. Charles Wilmot have ceased to thrill with laughter or emotion the *habitues* of the most "popular place of amusement," and in place of the *Octoroon*, in which the two managers played the parts of Old Pete and the



Naughty Mons de Latour



Miss Multon

Indian Chief (very colourable performances), we have Miss May Howard, a lady who is described on the programme as "the charming actress from the Southern States of America and the Colonies." The piece in which Miss May Howard makes her bow is an English version of *Miss Multon*, in which Madame Fargueil

is emotional is certain, if you take the peculiar view of emotion that culminates in laughter. That it is in five acts nobody who has sat it out will doubt for a moment; the only doubt upon the mind of an eye-and-ear witness will be whether he has sat out a



Gertude

of papa in the piece, but are of interest from another point of view. They are specimens of an awful class of child-actor, which it was pleasant to think had disappeared from the boards. The laughter with which these little darlings make their frequent entrances is enough to give one the horrors. Mr. Jones Finch labours manfully with the part of the necessary old person who works the meshes of the plot into a tangle, and then, of course, out of it again. Madame de Latour, the wife of the aforesaid "Mons. de Latour," is a part of such objectionable qualities that one must forbear to speak of Miss Jenny Lefevre in connection with it. The only female character in the piece with any redeeming feature is Dorothy, a servant, and the qualification in her case is the sparsity of her appearance, although Miss Rose Dale's pretty and pleasant face was on the occasion she had to come upon the stage a relief from the reigning gloom. It would be well if Miss May Howard found a more congenial part and a better play than the grand emotional drama of *Miss Multon*. Some flicker of returning good spirits was manifested in the audience when the curtain went up for the appearance of Miss May Holt, in Planché's well-worn musical burletta, *The Loan of a Lover*. The performance of the piece was somewhat marred by the insufficiency of the band. Mons. Vandebossche may be a noble leader, but with a paucity of men he can scarcely be expected to perform any very brilliant musical victories.

ON Monday evening Mr. Henry Irving attracted a very large audience, not fewer than 2,000 persons, to a reading in St. George's Hall, Bradford. The pieces read in the first part were "The Feast of Belshazzar," "The Captive," and *King Richard III.* (act 1, scene 1). Those in the second part were *Hamlet* (act 1, scene 2), "Copperfield and the Waiter," and "The Dream of Eugene Aram." The audience were quite enthusiastic in the expression of their delight, and this was especially manifested in respect to "David Copperfield" and "Eugene Aram's Dream."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Continued from page 252.)

STUDIES FROM THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.
To wander at ease amongst the many strange and beautiful forms of life which animate the world of waters, watching the mysterious habits and doings of creatures as different as they well can be from those with which we are most familiar, is a pleasure and a profit which has been reserved for our own times, and which can be nowhere more conveniently or completely studied than at the Brighton Aquarium. In our artist's drawing different subjects are indicated by numbers, as follows:—1. Electric Ray Fish. 2. Sea Horses. 3. Fife Fish. 4. Bear Crabs. 5. Star Fish. 6. Mussel. 7. Sea Anemones.

A DELICATE SUBJECT.

We have here a morsel of quiet life from Italy, concerning the full meaning of which, on the strength of the artist's assertion that it is "a delicate subject," we ought not, perhaps, too curiously to inquire. What does he write? Is it a love-letter? There is a sly, half-humorous look of inquiry on his face, to which her downcast eyes and conscious smile reply. It may be so. But is the holy father—probably her confessor—a likely scribe for such a delicate piece of work? What can he know of mere earthly love, such as blends the passionate desires of young, worldly, life-loving hearts? He is too coldly pure, has eyes too sternly and resolutely fixed on the narrow upward path. But then the flower whose rosy hue is so near akin to the blush upon the maiden's cheek. Hum! that betrays a—but we are once again on delicate ground, and so—

SCHUBERT THE COMPOSER.

The great German musician, whose portrait we this week add to our gallery of eminent composers, was the son of a schoolmaster, and he himself passed the early years of his life as a drudge in the scholastic profession. His passion for music took a direction which rapidly endeared him to the hearts of his countrymen, whose delight in the songs of their great writers was intensified by the music to which he wedded them. Amongst the more popular ballads which he set to music, and thereby gave new life to, were those of Goethe, Schiller, Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare, Ossian, Heine, and many others. The rapidity with which he composed was remarkable, and fully accounts for the large number of his works still popular in Europe, which, remembering that he was only one-and-thirty years of age at the time of his death, might otherwise have appeared incredible. Many whose existence may have exceeded his own by more than forty years, have left fewer landmarks of triumphs achieved, less work, and fewer honours.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

The show of chrysanthemums of which we this week give a drawing, commenced on Thursday. Five silver cups were awarded—two to Mr. E. Sanderson, of Willesden, one to Mr. J. Hall, of Upper Tulse Hill, one to Mr. J. Levesly, of Isleworth, one to Mr. Jordan, of Wimbledon. One of the great attractions of the exhibition is a show of special plants of Chrysanthemums by Messrs. Dixon and Co. of Hackney. There are four new and distinct Japanese varieties exhibited by Messrs. Henderson and Co., of St. John Wood; each of which have first class certificate awarded. Another feature of the exhibition is a collection of cacti and agaves by Mr. Boller, of Kensal New Town. The exhibition is held by the Borough of Hackney Society, this being the 33rd annual, and the second at the Westminster Aquarium. Judges, Messrs. Ward, Smith, and Hutt, for plants; Messrs. Donald, Douglas, and George for blooms. Mr. Holmes, of Hackney, is superintendent and hon. secretary of the society. The exhibition is considered one of great excellence. The judges have lately gone in more for beauty of plant and bloom than mere size.

THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS BANQUET TO THE FARMERS AT WINDSOR.

We gave an account last week of the banquet of which forms the subject of our artist's drawing. It will therefore be sufficient to indicate the portraits in the sketch. In centre sketch Lord Hardwicke is a prominent object, filling as he does the chair. To the right, handing a cigar-box, is the ever-popular Mr. Neville. The two prominent figures in the group below are respectively the Mayor of Windsor and Colonel Richardson-Gardner, M.P. The gentleman singing that comic song is Mr. Farquharson. The three "Graces" are Messrs. Thorpe-Briggs, Dyson, and Marriott; whilst the hard-working gentleman in the left top corner is young Mr. Kemsley, son of the proprietor of the Castle Hotel, to whom our artist was indebted for much courtesy. Mr. Kemsley, sen., by-the-way, was the caterer on the occasion.

Miss Linda Dietz, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, London, has lately made such remarkable successes in several original parts in New York that she has utterly surprised even her warmest admirers. We are consequently pleased to hear that she is engaged for the Haymarket next season, 1879.

A musical and dramatic entertainment of a specially attractive character, will be given on the 4th of next month, in aid of the Edwin Ellis Fund. Mr. Charles Reade, in the course of an eloquent appeal recently made on behalf of this fund, wrote:—"One would think, then, that such a composer and artist would make his fortune nowadays. Not so. Mr. Edwin Ellis lived sober, laborious, prudent, respected, and died poor. He was provident, and insured his life; he had a family, and so small an income, that he could not keep up the insurance. He has left a wife and nine children utterly destitute, and he could not possibly keep it." The kindest-hearted profession in the world—though burdened with many charitable claims—will do what it can for them; but I do think the whole weight ought not to fall upon actors and musicians. The man was a better servant of the public than people are aware, and therefore I ask leave to say a few words to the public and to the press over his ill-remunerated art and his untimely grave. Surely the prizes of the theatre are dealt too unevenly when such a man for his compositions and his performance receives not half the salary of many a third-class performer on the stage, works his heart out, never wastes a shilling, and dies without one."

A PERFORMANCE of Sterndale Bennett's well-known cantata, "The May Queen," was given, on Tuesday last, by the members of Mr. Theodore Distin's Choral Class, at the Walworth Institution. Miss Lavender, Miss Davies, and Mr. Arthur Vitton, a rising tenor, with Mr. Walter, ably sustained the solo parts. Mr. Theodore Distin was an efficient conductor.

THE EARL of Galloway has withdrawn from his tenants the privilege bestowed on them a few years ago of destroying ground game by means of dogs. The reason assigned is that the stock of partridges on the estates have been diminished materially during the last few years, while hares have been all but exterminated. Farmers will still be permitted to kill rabbits by means of ferrets and bag-nets.

SIR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., will be present at the Arts' Club annual dinner to be held early in next month.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. K. T.—Problem 210 is very difficult, and also very pretty. In your proposed solution the e is no mate, as Black can play for his third move K to Kt 5. If you look again at Problem 211 you will find that Black can prevent your mate by Kt, or B to Kt 3.

A. FREMONT (Dinard, France).—There is no Bishop at K B2, nor any mate with Q to Kt 5. The position is worthy of your re-examination.

THE PAINTER OF SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—Your solution of Problem 210 is correct in all its variations, also that of 211.

F. F. (Addiscombe).—We regret your letter only reached us a few days since. You will find the correct solution in to-day's column.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 212 by R. L., J. G., Juvenis, W. M., L. W. C., and H. F. (Addiscombe) are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 209.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt from Q B 2 to Q 4 K to B 6
2. R to Q R 2 B to Kt 3
3. R to B 2 (mate).

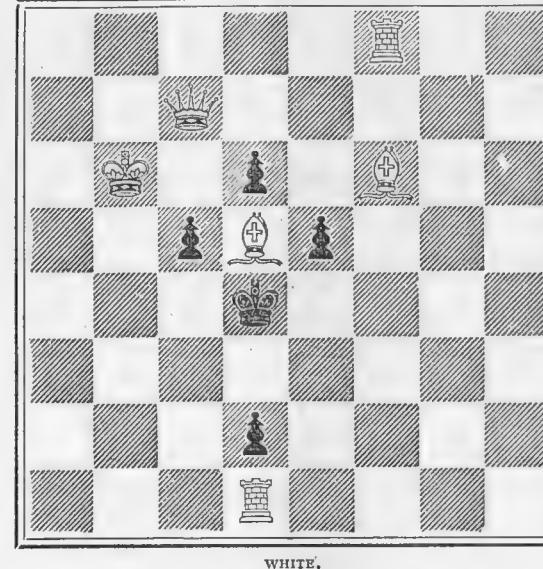
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 210.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q R to Kt 5 Takes P (a)
2. P t. K 4 (ch) K to Q 5 (if to K 3 or B 3, [Queen mates]
3. R to Kt 4 (mate).
WHITE. (a) BLACK.
1. if Kt takes Q Any move.
2. P to K 6
3. P to K 3 (mate).
WHITE. (b) BLACK.
1. if Kt takes K P Takes Q P
2. O to K 8
3. Q to Q 7 (mate).
WHITE. (c) BLACK.
1. if Kt to Q 3 Q Kt moves
2. P takes Kt
3. P to K 3 (mate).

PROBLEM No. 213.

By JAMES MASON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game played at Simpson's Divan, last August, between Messrs. Bird and MacDonnell.

[Evans Gambit.]

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
(MacDonnell.) (Bird.) (MacDonnell.) (Bird.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4 16. B to R 3 B to K 3
2. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3 17. Kt to B 3 R to Q sq
3. B to B 4 B to B 4 18. Kt to Q Kt 5 Kt to Q sq
4. P to Q Kt 4 B takes P 19. Q R to B sq P to Q R 3
5. P to H 3 B to B 4 20. Kt to B 7 (ch) B takes Kt
6. P to Q 4 P takes P 21. K takes K B Kt to Q 3
7. P takes P B to Kt 3 22. Kt to K 5 Castles
8. Castles P to Q 3 23. K takes B (d) P takes R
9. P to Q 5 Kt to R 4 24. Kt takes K P K R to K sq
10. P to K 5 (a) Kt takes R 25. R takes Kt P (ch) K to R sq
11. Q to R 4 (ch) P to B 3 (b) 26. B to Kt 2 P to Q 5
12. Q takes Kt Kt to K 2 27. B takes P Kt to K B 4
13. P takes K Q takes P 28. R to Q 7 (dis.) Kt takes B
14. R to K sq Q takes Q P 29. R takes K R takes R
15. Q takes Q (c) P takes Q 30. Kt takes R, and after a few moves the game was drawn.

(a) A lively, and by no means unsound form of the Evans attack.
(b) Better than interposing B or Q.

(c) As a rule the exchange of Queens is to be avoided by the first player, but White rightly calculated that in the present case, the exchange would enable him to develop his game rapidly, and obtain a strong attack.

(d) Best, capturing with the Kt would have resulted in his discomfiture—thus—

Kt takes B P takes Kt
R takes K P R to K sq, &c.

An interesting game played a few months ago between Mr. Blackburne and a skilful amateur:—

[Vienna Opening.]

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
(Mr. Blackburne.) (Mr. Q.) (Mr. Blackburne.) (Mr. Q.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4 17. Kt to K 4 Q to Q 2
2. Kt to Q B 3 B to B 4 18. Kt to B 5 Q to K 3 (c)
3. Kt to B 3 P to Q 3 19. Kt to R 4 K to R sq
4. B to B 4 Kt to K B 3 20. P to K Kt 4 R to Kt Kt sq
5. P to Q 3 P to K 3 21. R to K Kt sq Q t. B 3
6. Kt to K 2 Kt to B 3 22. R to Kt 3 K R to K sq (d)
7. P to B 3 P to Q 3 23. P to K 5 P takes P
8. Kt to Kt 3 P to Q 4 24. Q to Kt 4 (e) P takes Q P
9. P takes P K takes P 25. Q to R 5 (ch) (f) K to B sq
10. Q to K 3 B to K 3 26. K takes P (ch) K to B sq
11. Kt to K 4 B to Kt 3 27. R to Kt 7 Q takes K
12. P to Q 4 Castles (a) 28. Kt takes Q K takes Kt
13. B takes P (b) P takes B 29. Kt to B 5 (ch) K to B 3
14. B takes Kt B takes B 30. Q to R 6 (ch) K takes Kt
15. Q takes B Q to K 2 31. Q to R 7 (ch) K to B 5
16. Kt to Kt 3 Q R to Q sq 32. Q takes K, and wins.

(a) P to K 4 seems the best move here.

(b) A practical lesson to this and all other stupid Rook pawns to stay at home until their services are required abroad.

(c) Had he taken the Q P White would have checked with Kt at R 6, and then worried the King with his Queen.

(d) He has no good move on the board; to be tortured and then killed is his unhappy fate.

(e) One of those pretty gems with which Mr. Blackburne delights to stud his games.

(f) Rightly in haste to reach the goal of victory, he will not stop one moment even to pick up a Rook.

Uncle, a new comedy by Mr. H. J. Bryon, is to be produced at the Gaiety after Christmas.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—John Ward (*alias Peace*), the notorious Blackheath burglar, is now to be seen in wax in the gloomy Chamber of Horrors.

THE sudden death of Signor John L. Wadmore, the talented young singer, has placed his widow and her child in a position appealing urgently to the kindly instincts of all who loved the man or admired the artist. A memorial fund has been started by an influential committee, of which Messrs. H. Guy and Stanley Lucas are secretaries, and the sum realised up to Nov. 27 was £570. Contributions may be forwarded either to our office or to the secretaries, at 84, New Bond-street, W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

ART STUDENTS AT THE LYCEUM.

SIR.—Permit me to correct an inaccuracy in an article which appeared in your last number about the art students at the Lyceum. No letter at the close of the performance informed Mr. Irving that we were art students with a mission, &c., as none was written. Consequently no answer was received, and Mr. Irving's "gratified vanity" and "gushing" answer is an invention of your fertile correspondent.—Yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE "RABBLE" OF ART STUDENTS.

MISS CORA STUART.

SIR.—In reading the notice given of me in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS on Saturday I see there have been two mistakes made. It was the character of Rollo (Banquo) not Malcolm I played in the opera *Born* at the Queen's Theatre. Also, it was Miss Violet Cameron who played Germaine, not Miss Kate Munroe, whose place I have taken at the Globe Theatre. Will you kindly correct the mistakes and oblige, yours very truly,

CORA STUART.

Globe Theatre, November 25th, 1878.

FROZEN SOUNDS.

SIR.—There is an earlier mention of the "extravagant fiction" of frozen sounds than those which you quoted in your recent reply to "W. C. D." In Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, chaps. 55 and 56, will be found an account: "Comment, en haulte mer, Pantagruel ouit diverses paroles de gelées." The chapters are too long to be given in their entirety, but the following extracts will serve to show the author's "happy conceit":—"En pleine mer, nous banque'ants, grignotants, divisants et faisants beaux et courts discours, Pantagruel se leva et tint en pieds pour di-couvrir à l'environ. Puis nous dist 'Compagnons, oyez vous rien? Me semble que je oï quelques gents parlants en l'aer, je n'y voi toutes fois personne. Escoutez.' A son commandement nous fusmes attentifs et à pleines oreilles humions l'aer comme belles huitres en escale. . . . Plus persévérons escoutants, plus discernions les voix, jusques à entendre mots entiers. . . . Le pilot feit response: 'Seigneur, de rien ne vous effrayez. Ici est le confin de la mer glaciale, sus laquelle fut au commencement de l'hyver dernier passé grosse et félone bataille entre les Arimaspies et les Nephelabites, lors gelarent en l'aer les paroles et cris des hommes et femmes, les chaplis des masses, les hurtis desharnois, desbardes, les hannissements des chevaux et tout autre effroi de combat. A ceste heure la rigueur de l'hyver passée advenente la sérénité et tempérie du bon temps elles fondent et sont ouies.'"—Yours, &c.,

HLD. PENFOLD.

THE PROPERTY MAN AT THE DUNDEE THEATRE.

SIR.—You have—I am sure unwittingly—done the Theatre Royal Dundee an injustice in the "Circular Notes" of your admirable paper for November 16th. When Mr. M'Farland, upwards of two years ago, became lessee, he discarded the use of the antiquated lime-bags, and constructed, under scientific direction, capacious fire-proof tanks for holding the gas used for lime-light effects. This department has been under the charge of an experienced practical man, who thoroughly understands his business, and up to the present time, though almost continuously in use, no accident has taken place. The management strictly prohibit the opening of the theatre on Sunday for any purpose whatever. The manager for the Chippendale company now occupying the stage, and the managers for Messrs. Irving and Toole, who have both visited Dundee during the past fortnight, as well as the representatives of the principal stars and companies (operatic and dramatic) who have appeared here in succession during the present year, can testify to the fact that in the various departments none but experienced and practical persons are employed, and that in its equipments and accessories the Theatre Royal Dundee can challenge comparison with any theatre of its size in the three kingdoms. Under these circumstances will you kindly rectify the statement commented upon in your paper, by mentioning that no such accident as that reported has taken place in Dundee?—Yours, &c.,

THE ACTING MANAGER.

November 19, 1878.

[We regret exceedingly the injustice we have unwittingly done. The paragraph upon which we briefly commented appeared in the *Brighton Gazette* and other papers.—ED. I. S. & D. N.]

SPORT IN CANADA.

SIR.—Englishmen in Canada are constantly being chaffed for their proverbial ignorance of Canadian ways, and manners, and events. A strong proof of the national failing in this way is the extraordinary statements which appear in the English papers aenct Canadian matters, and even THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is not free from them. I enclose two cuttings from your issues of the 12th and 19th Oct. In the first you speak of a local eighteen showing such good bowling against the Australians at Ontario. The match really took place in Toronto, and was between a twenty-two team picked from all parts of the Province of Ontario, of which Toronto is the capital. Neither was the bowling so very wonderful on the part of the Canadian team, as it was very soon collared, and the match was ultimately won by the Australians with ten wickets to spare in the second innings. In the paragraph of the 19th of October it is stated that at Detroit the Australians gave the Quebec twenty-two a rare dressing. The match was played in Montreal, the capital of the Province of Quebec, and only about 600 miles from Detroit, which is in the States. It certainly is the Montreal game which is referred to, as the scores are correct. It is little things like these that bring many sarcastic remarks on the heads of any "emigrants" from the old country. Only a short time ago I saw a statement in your paper, I think, that the local aquatic god Hanlon rowed Ross in New York—the race was rowed in St. John's, N. B. Apologising for taking up so much of your time, if you read this, but really I don't like to see such funny mistakes in my favourite paper, sketches from which adorn the walls of my rooms, I am, yours &c.,

AN "OLD COUNTRYMAN" IN CANADA.

Toronto, Canada, 5th November, 1878.
[Thanks! The mistakes were made on your side of "the pond," and we are glad to correct them.—ED. I. S. & D. N.]

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE STAGE.

SIR.—As you have been good-natured enough to print a column and a half from Mr. S. Grundy, I venture to hope you will insert a few remarks from me in defence of what, in spite of the fear of exciting another outburst of passion from Mr. Grundy, I venture to think the perfectly justifiable application of the Licensor of Plays' prerogative. If he is not to use his own discretion as to what plays are fit for public exhibition, whose discretion shall he use? Let us hope not Mr. Grundy's, though I think that is what Mr. Grundy would like. Had not Mr. Grundy better first learn to use his discretion as to what epithets he applies to the Lord Chamberlain, and think twice before he again applies such ones as "court funkey," "old man of the sea," and "incubus" that makes our hearts sick and our brains barren"? Mr. Grundy, however, kindly says somewhere in his article that he does not charge

the Lord Chamberlain with the entire responsibility of some degrading exhibitions. This is really very thoughtful of Mr. Grundy, and I daresay his next play will stand a better chance in consequence. The rejected one, however, must be something very fine and grand, as it is rejected for reasons which would all apply to *Hamlet*, and Mr. Grundy must be an exceedingly fine and not too modest author to class himself with Shakespeare. Mr. Grundy also seems to go upon the principle that two blacks will make a white, as he urges that because many indelicate plays have been formerly permitted, others should also be now. He seems to forget that lately the Lord Chamberlain has evidently determined to put a stop to them, in which determination I think every right-minded person will heartily concur. I shall, for one, be heartily glad to see all these fanciful, indelicate, light adaptations from the French done away with, and I think if they are repeatedly refused we shall in time get a good sound class of plays and comedies on the English stage, produced from English brains, and not humbugging adaptations. There was what seemed to me a remarkably good article in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, a short time ago, to this effect, and pointing out that while the rage for these French plays and adaptations last we cannot possibly hope for any really good English productions. I should like to know also whether Mr. Grundy is organizing some sort of trained band of "the youths that hang about the stage doors," and whom he rightly says are obscure now, but for whom he prophesies a flowery time to come. In his last paragraph he states that having read their English History they mean to fight for the liberty of the stage; and when, in paragraph 2, he states that his blood boils, and he longs to fight, not only with the quill, but with a sword in his right hand, it begins to assume the aspect of a bloody time to come, and of a rebellion against the Lord Chamberlain's office, in which all the actors' apprentices and all the disappointed writers of French adaptations will join, and which will shake all England. The whole of Mr. Grundy's tirade against the Licensor of Plays seems to me to be equally absurd. Where should we be if no restriction could be placed upon plays? Half the theatres, and more than half the music-halls, and such like "places of amusement," would probably at once

place the most obscene plays they could find upon the stage; such a state of things, I think, is hardly to be desired, and I for one should be extremely sorry to see the restrictions in the slightest relaxed. Apologizing for asking for so much of your very valuable space, sir, I remain, yours &c.,
ETONIENSIS.
Nov. 17, 1878.

No. 20, or the *Bistule of Calvados*, is now the title of Messrs. Albery and Hatton's new drama, to be produced to-day (Saturday) at the Princess's Theatre.

The *Crisis*, Mr. Albery's version of *Les Fourchambaults*, will follow *The Rivals* at the Haymarket Theatre.

A SUBSCRIPTION-LIST for the proposed series of performances next season by the Comédie Française at the Gaiety Theatre has been opened, and will be closed on the 14th of December.

The Marble Club's Promenade Concert was given on Tuesday evening last, and the following vocalists appeared: Miss Frances Brooke, Miss E. Villiers, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Boyle, and Mr. Rowcliffe, who gave satisfaction to a fairly large audience. Special praise is due to Miss E. Villiers, who possesses a pleasant soprano voice, and who sang with good taste two songs by Ganz.

The Wadmore Memorial Fund up to this date amounts to £600. Subscriptions will be gratefully received by Mr. Stanley Lucas, 84, New Bond Street, in furtherance of this charitable and deserving object.

MR. HARRY H. HAMILTON has re-opened the Royal Amphitheatre, High Holborn, and has been since amusing large audiences with his "Excursions to America." Starting from Euston-square, under the guidance of Mr. Winter Haigh, we arrive at Lime-street Station, Liverpool, and visit the St. George's Hall, and the Prince's Landing-stage, after which we embark on board the Germanic, bound for New York, where we visit several places of importance. We also pass in view of the Niagara Falls, the Catskill Mountains, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, and Queenstown, after which a panstereorama of passing events takes place. The scenes are beautifully painted, and reflect credit upon Messrs. W. Telbin, J. Absolom, and several other scenic artists who took part in their production. The entertainment is interspersed with

vocal and instrumental music, which add greatly to its attractions, the humorous portions of the entertainment being received with uproarious laughter.

AFTER negotiations extending over a period of nearly five years, during which several inquiries have been held by the Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries, Lords Aberdare, Winmarleigh, and March, and other persons appointed by the Home Secretary for the purpose of investigating the various memorials and petitions presented from time to time against the proposals of the Wye Board of Conservators, Mr. Cross has approved two bye-laws under the Salmon Fisheries Act, 1873, altering the close season for salmon fishing in the River Wye and its tributaries, and regulating the mesh of nets used for the capture of salmon during certain periods of the year. The annual close season for salmon is fixed from the 1st of September to the 31st of March for all instruments other than rod and line, and from the 15th of October to the 15th of March for angling. The minimum size of the mesh of nets that may be used is raised to 2½ in. from knot to knot, or 10 in. round, measured when wet, between the 25th of June and the 31st of August. During the rest of the fishing season the statutory minimum mesh of 2 in. from knot to knot, or 8 in. round, will be continued.

On Saturday a young woman, styling herself Mdlle. Elsie, completed the feat of walking 186 miles in five days and nights, walking half a mile at the commencement of every twenty minutes, in the Drill Hall, Keighley. Before completing her task at ten o'clock in the evening she was presented with a gold medal, which had been subscribed for by her friends and admirers in Keighley. There was a very large number of people present on Saturday, and though the hall was cleared five times—at the expiration of each two hours—yet it was filled during the whole of the afternoon, and it was estimated that there would be from 1,800 to 2,000 people present at the finish. The last half mile was completed in five minutes and twenty seconds, and the quickest half-mile walked occupied four minutes forty-five seconds. She did not appear to be in the least exhausted at the conclusion, and expressed herself willing to commence again on Monday morning. During the last four nights of the week the hall was illuminated by means of the electric light.

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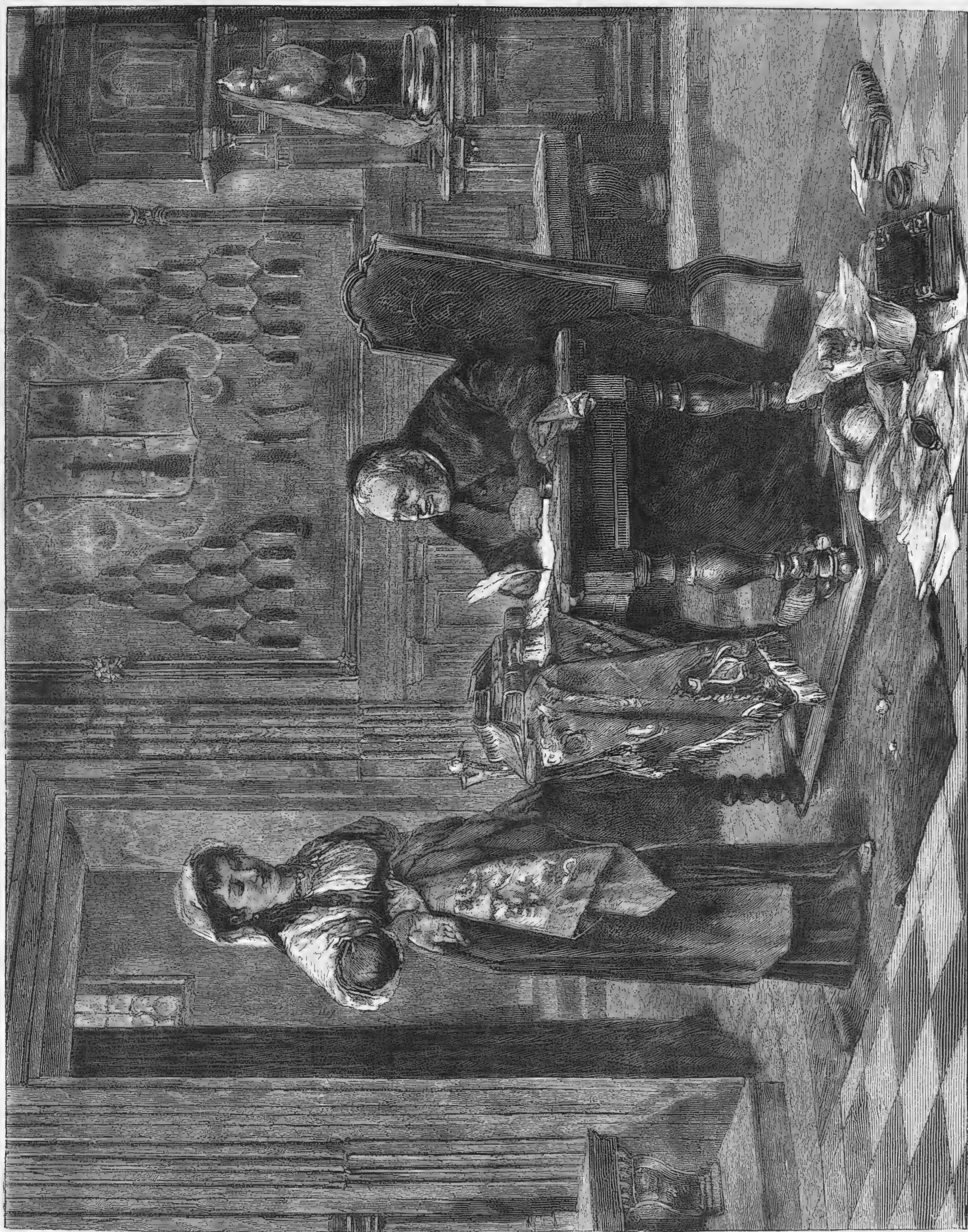
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.—Mrs. Frances Anne Butler, in her "Journal," refers to him as follows: "Poor Mr. Kepell is fairly laid on the shelf; I am sorry for him! What a funny passion he had, by the by, for going down upon his knees. In *Fazio* at the end of the judgment scene, when I was upon mine, down he went upon his, making the most absurd, devout-looking *vis-à-vis* I ever beheld; in the last scene too, when he ought to have been going off to execution, down he went again upon his knees, and no power on earth could get him up again, for Lord knows how long," and again, "My own opinion of poor Mr. Kepell is, that no power on earth or in heaven can make him act decently."

G. V.—(1.) The lady is not yet forty years old. (2.) A dancer at the Alhambra.

THOMAS SMITH.—In the words of Planché's reply to "Tom Brown,"

"What you love and what you hate—you're at liberty to state; I've nothing upon earth with that to do—Tom Smith."

G. E. COOKE.—1. C. Fechter was born in Berwick-street, Soho, in 1824. 2. Lola Montez died in 1861. 3. Romeo Coates died in 1848. 4. K. Soutar, senr., died in 1866.

ALFRED N.—Kotzebue the dramatist, author of *Pizaro*, was assassinated by a Würzburg student, on April 2nd, 1819, at Mannheim.

PLAYGOER.—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre* was produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre on October 21st, 1854, with sundry modifications. The late Mr. Phelps played Pericles with his usual masterly power, and achieved a great success, and Miss Edith Heraud made her *début* as Marina.

L. T. Z.—Mr. Murdoch was in England, and playing at the Haymarket Theatre in September, 1856.

S. R.—Mr. George Vining, Mr. Cooke, and Miss Stevens.

R. C. B.—Planché was on the stage, he made his *début* as an actor on the boards of the Greenwich Theatre, and at that time intended to make the stage his profession.

POOR PLAYER.—Mrs. Glover, a daughter of Betterton, played Hamlet on more than one occasion with great success.

O. M.—Lucius Junius Brutus Booth, the English tragedian, was the father of John Wilkes Booth who assassinated President Lincoln.

G. N.—Here is an extract from a well-known and valuable work called "Some Account of the English Stage," published in 1832 in ten volumes, which will show the contrary: "Though the Act of Parliament, by which arbitrary power has been given to the Lord Chamberlain and his Deputy, has not received any amendment, yet it is some consolation to find that the exercise of this power has been considerably checked by the spirit of the times. Mr. Larpent (then the licenser) did not venture to refuse his license without giving his reason for doing so; this was not the case when the Act was first passed." The petty tyrant of to-day has been less scrupulous in Mr. Grundy's case—he has not condescended to give any reason.

M. J.—(1.) When Charles Kemble adapted Kotzebue's play *The Wanderers*, for the English stage in 1808 the Lord Chamberlain refused to license it on the ground that being founded upon the Pretender's adventures in the rebellion of 1745, it was politically objectionable. Consequently it was not put upon the stage until November 26th, 1829, when transferring the scene from Scotland to Sweden was considered sufficient to justify the withdrawal of its prohibition, and the piece was produced at Covent Garden Theatre. (2.) *Oronoko, or the Royal Slave*, was revived at Covent Garden Theatre in 1805.

HEDGEHOG.—Garrick restored Macbeth to the stage as Shakespeare wrote it in 1743. Before he did so Sir William Davenant's adaptation of that tragedy had long held possession of the stage. It is said that Quin, the famous actor, when he read Garrick's announcement of Macbeth as written by Shakespeare as a novelty cried out with astonishment, "What does he mean? Don't I play Macbeth as written by Shakespeare?"

S. W.—The Coburg Theatre, now the Victoria, was built by Mr. Jones the founder of the Surrey Theatre and opened on Whit-Monday, 1818, under the management of Mr. Jones, Mr. John Glossop, Mr. Dunn, and Mr. Serres, marine-painter to the king. It opened with a choice company and with high class scenery, costumes, &c. (Stanfield was one of the scene painters) and amongst those present on the first night were the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Sussex, and Duchess of Wellington.

E.—It was formerly the custom to exhibit a Latin motto over the curtain at the theatre. Over Drury Lane Theatre in 1629 there was "Vivitur ingenio." In 1712 it was "Tutus mundus agit histrionem."

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARLES MONTFORD.—On March 12th, 1701, it was resolved in Parliament that England should not be bound to engage in a war for the defence of the foreign dominions of any succeeding monarch.

L. M.—T. Bauer was born in Austria October 4th, 1758. He died at Kew 11th December, 1840.

M. W.—The punishment of death on the rack was not abolished in France until June 1st, 1791.

C. P. E.—Dr. Busby resided at Chiswick in 1657.

H. PITT.—Enfield Chase was full of deer and all sorts of game in the time of James I.

A. B. R.—Mr. Weekes was elected a Royal Academician at the same time that both Messrs. Boxall, Goodall, and Lejeune were elected. The present President of the R.A. was elected to receive the full honours of the Academy 1864.

S. U. P.—Will's coffee-house was in Bow-street, at a corner now occupied by a well-known ham and beef shop.

ESQUIRE.—Knighthood was first introduced in England in 897. In 1433 persons worth £40 per annum were legally compelled to take the order of knighthood.

CITIZEN.—There was no road across Moorfields before 1786, and Finsbury-square was not built on the fields until 1789, consequently no such event could have taken place, and we cannot give you its date.

SWISS.—The word burly-burly has been traced to the quarrels of two neighbouring families named Hurleigh and Burleigh, whose constant battles filled the surrounding country with consternation and violence.

MUSICAL.

AMINA.—Fifty years ago foreign operas were frequently brought out in London, with English adaptations, and were mostly "arranged" by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry R. Bishop. His "arrangements" were peculiar. He used to hack and mutilate the works of foreign composers, and even to interpolate into their operas a variety of pieces written by himself or others. In fact, he behaved in these respects almost as badly as some of the modern "adapters" whose mutilated and garbled versions of operas bouffes have brought *opéra-bouffe* into unjust contempt in this country. In the play-bill which you have kindly forwarded, dated July 6th, 1813, and announcing the 21st performance of *La Sonnambula* at Covent Garden Theatre, it is stated that the "whole of the music, by Bellini," has been "arranged and adapted to the English stage by Mr. H. R. Bishop" but all that Bishop did was to point out to the English librettist which portions of the Italian recitative should be turned into spoken dialogue in the English version.

J. V. L.—Josh. Neponuk Hummel was born at Presburg exactly a hundred years ago. His pianoforte writings are as freshly beautiful now as if just composed, and you are quite right to make them the objects of persevering study. They will help to form your style on a sound basis.

R. TAYNE.—Mr. H. Weist Hill is solo violinist and leader of the orchestra at Her Majesty's Opera, when M. Sainton is absent. Mr. J. T. Carrodus is solo violinist and leader at the Royal Italian Opera.

FLEETWOOD.—Your letter received, and will be answered in due course.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

PLUNGING.

ANOTHER plunger has taken his last "leap in the dark," and after a flight rather more prolonged and brilliant than those of most of the genus rocket, has fallen ignominiously like the stick, leaving in his train a few evanescent sparks, on which we may be permitted to draw a moral, while they still show the direction of his downward track. Like most of those who have courted fortune in reckless moods, this latest addition to the ranks of the "dead broke," came to be surrounded with a sort of hero worship so long as he was able to show a winning balance, and was courted and flattered by those who hasten to give him a final kick when hopelessly and irretrievably "down." Long a sensational character in the ring, his transactions, which formed the theme of never-ending comment in highly spiced articles, now furnish food for moralising by those who never were instrumental in bringing him into notoriety. No doubt frequent allusions to his transactions with the ring, mostly couched in terms which could not be construed as otherwise than flattering to his mode of doing business, were instrumental in bringing about the last scene in his eventful history; but no abuse now seems bad enough for the *quondam* king of plunger, whose fall from his high estate has been delayed until the close of the racing season. Of course it is the same old story of tempting fortune beyond her bent, and the inevitable catastrophe is not likely to deter others from following in the same path of destruction, but we may be permitted to "take occasion by the hand," and to point out how disastrous is the influence of such characters in the microcosm of the turf, and how the evil which they do dies not with them, but affects to its detriment the whole stratum of society of which they form a part.

We presume that as brave men existed before the time of Agamemnon, so heavy bettors ran their road to ruin before the Hastings era, but from those plunging days we may trace the rise of the epidemic in modern times, and certainly no other period is so marked by the characteristics of "hare-brained frivolity" as the days of the plunger some twelve or fifteen years ago. Then, as now, a fawning section of lacqueys patted them on the back, and were never tired of furnishing details of the heavy firing which invariably took place whenever backers and bookmakers met to fight the battle of the odds. The golden youth of that period went in thoroughly for the game of breaking the ring, but were compelled finally to retire from the contest with tarnished plumes, combs cut, and generally in very hopeless plight, indeed. Since then, from time to time imitators have sprung up, only to share the same fate as their exemplars; and the latest individual "gone wrong" is only another of the same kidney, but of birth more obscure, and of means originally more limited. Yet he attempted to play a game identically the same as the young bloods who first set the fashion of "plunging" (at least so far as the origin of the word is concerned); and this brings us back to our first point of departure, namely, the evils attendant upon sensational wagering, not only as regards the perpetrator of such vagaries himself, but also in respect of the unhealthy tone imparted into the money market of the turf. Speculation, of course, we must have, but by all means let it be legitimate and as equitable as possible between backers and layers. But illegitimate speculation is the game of the plunger, who, in his frantic desire to be "on," is content to accept the shortest or to lay the longest of odds, provided only that he can invest enough to make his winning stake a sensational one. These reckless and selfish investors not only spoil the market for other people as regards the races on which they fancy to plunge, but fielders are thereby encouraged to shorten the odds all round and to make winning a certainty, instead of risking the chances of war with the opposing faction. People do not need to be told that bookmaking was a highly profitable game before the plunging division made it a still better one, for by contracting the odds all round fielders are now in a better position than ever, and may put losing out of the question, so long as they are able to dictate terms to the idiots who will be on at any price. All this is the result of mad and indiscriminate plunging; and betting has now degenerated into a mere farce, as any one can ascertain for himself who chooses to analyse the state of the odds on important events, and to compare them with those offered in races of a similar character twenty years ago. We have drifted almost into post betting, not by reason of scarcity of would-be backers, but because the game is not good enough for fielders, who nowadays are averse to contemplate even the possibility of losing, and are chary of laying odds easily obtainable previous to the advent upon the scene of the plunging brigade. In addition to this, a whole host of foolish boys and empty-headed imitators are encouraged to follow the lead of sensational investors; and we do not wonder at owners of horses complaining loudly of the interference by such "irrepressible" parties, seeing that not only are they unable to back their horses at anything approaching to a fair price, but there is always the danger of their jockeys being "got at" in the interests of those most concerned in making them losers for the sake of their books. This, again, is another attendant evil, the magnitude of which it is impossible to overestimate, striking as it does at the very root of all that is fair and square in racing, and tending to bring it into disrepute, and to give a handle for interference by reckless fanatics and others bearing a grudge against the sport because of its noxious surroundings. The worst of it all is that the effects of plunging do not cease with the knocking out or retirement of those who practise it, but the whole betting system is contaminated and infected, and the Ring, having the game in their own hands, naturally decline to make it less profitable than they found it. Let any racegoer who affected the Ring twenty years ago compare the state of things then existing with the characteristics of its present occu-

pants, and let him say if the system has not undergone a thorough change, and that greatly for the worse, whether he regards the status of the individuals composing it, or their method of transacting business. No doubt more people bet than formerly, but this will not account for the niggardly offers of bookmakers, who seem bent upon laying their tiny volumes to the same tune over every race; "I'll take odds; two to one bar one; three to one against any other." This is not betting, but besting, and has been brought about by the wretched practise of plunging; while things can never hope to right themselves so long as the public, following the lead of the sensational speculator, insist upon being "at any price." Now and then, it is true, we do hear of owners obtaining fair odds to large amounts, but fielders are not often to be caught in these rash moods, and are wary for a long time after having enlarged their prices to such a liberal extent. In fact, hapless backers are worse off than ever, and would soon cease to exist altogether were it not for the plentiful crop of fools springing into life every day, ready to plunge, or to follow in the wake of plunger, in their devouring anxiety to be "on at any price."

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

NO. VII.—A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

"THAT'S a rare good-looking one. Whose is it?" Scatterly inquires one day, as he rides up to join a little group of us at a meet at the Kennels, and gazes at a model of a light-weight bay hunter, which is being led to and fro by a groom of peculiarly sporting aspect, mounted himself on a very likely-looking chestnut mare.

"Don't know the man on the horse either. They don't live in these parts," Dowling answers; but Wynnerly is better informed, and, coming up in time to hear the last remark, enlightens us.

"That's Arthur Crossley's man; and I suppose he's coming to hunt with us to-day," he observes. And his opinion is speedily verified, for the moment afterwards Crossley appears at the other end of the road, cantering on the grass by the wayside, his neat hack well splashed with mud, as is natural after a twelve-mile journey along miry roads, with an occasional cut across country.

"Why the deuce does he come here when the Fallowfield meet at the Hall, I wonder?" Scatterly mutters, as Crossley approaches and exchanges his hack for the bay.

But this is one of the many things connected with Crossley concerning which we are ignorant. Crossley is down hunting with the famous pack upon whose country our humbler hunt borders. They are at one of their best meets to-day, while we rarely do much from the Kennels; at any rate, until after a good deal of useless knocking about; yet Crossley takes the trouble to send on his horses and make a long journey himself for the sake of coming to us.

Crossley is, in fact, a mystery, and, it may be, a very unfortunate man. I know nothing against him, nor, so far as I can gather, does anyone else—nothing, that is to say, definite; but his name has an ill savour about it, and it he is perfectly straight, he is very unlucky in the place he holds in general estimation. Crossley was at Eton, and left prematurely. He went into a Lancet regiment, from which after a couple of years he retired, having by this time entirely dissipated his patrimony, and successfully run up debts to an amount which the sale of his commission would have done little to discharge had he applied the money towards such a purpose. The fact that of the two chargers with which he then obliged little Flitterton, at a high figure, one proved to be glander and the other very lame, is another of Crossley's misfortunes, perhaps. Symptoms of glanders are often not discovered for a considerable time after the disease has affected a horse, and an animal may go lame at any time: so possibly Crossley was innocent of any knowledge of his horse's condition, and certainly he so persuaded Flitterton, as their subsequent partnership in the steeplechaser Bullfinch—over which poor Flitterton came so sad a pecuniary cropper—sufficiently proves. Crossley was dreadfully cut up about these two chargers, and vowed that he would gladly return the price if he had it; and as he had not, it is impossible to say that his anxiety was feigned, or that he would not have kept his word if he could. We of the Meadowmere knew very little of him, except as a gentleman rider, and that little is chiefly gained in London. Crossley is a member of a good club, and of the Drake, which some will maintain to be a good club likewise, while others will hold a contrary opinion. He was put up some time ago for the Mutton Chops, the popularity of which pleasant resort is well known; but the story as to there having been ten members of the committee at the election when his name came up for ballot, and eleven black balls in the ballot-box, is manifestly an exaggeration. As no one has the least idea where he gets a shilling from, the supposition that his manner of livelihood is queer, if not crooked, must obviously be gratuitous, and Saddler, who was in the regiment with him, has little to say when we ask for information, as the first covert near the kennels having as usual been drawn blank, we make a move to the spinney beyond.

"What sort of a fellow is Crossley?" some one inquires, ranging up to Saddler's side, and nodding towards the new-comer riding along talking to Dowling, who seems to have some sort of acquaintance with the master, though he did not know the man.

"Rather a good-looking fellow, I think, about twenty-five years old now, I suppose. Has a dark moustache, and turns it up at the ends," Saddler answers, all these facts being patent to us all.

"Yes, but what does he do?" Scatterly asks.

"Rides under rost 7lb—and over anything," is the oracular response.

"I can see that, but is he a good fellow, I mean?" Scatterly continues.

"Well, I should be surprised to hear him singing Dr. Watt's hymns, or, at least, if he did I should fancy that he had a very good reason for it," is all we can get out of Saddler; and Crawley Paine, the sporting novelist, on being appealed to for information—for Crawley knows everybody, and a good deal about him—makes some remark in vaguely sporting phraseology about Crossley "going rather short sometimes," and suggests that we had better ask little Flitterton.

With the incident to which Crawley Paine alludes we are most of us acquainted, however.

After that little matter of the chargers had been cleared up, and when the temporary interruption to the friendship between Crossley and Flitterton had been repaired, Flitterton, by his mentor's advice, purchased Bullfinch, and on him Crossley won a hurdle race at a suburban meeting with an ease which seemed to show that the horse's ability was altogether out of the common. They tried him, therefore, over the Meadowmere steeplechase course, which much resembles that at Kenilworth, against old Argus, an experienced animal who went on all occasions with the regularity of a chronometer, and could always be implicitly depended on as a trial horse. I well remember

Flutterton's delight at his anticipated triumph as he recounted to us at the Drake one evening the results of the test.

"I never thought that we could beat such a good old horse as Argus, you know, but if we could get near him it was good enough. Well, they came on to the water, where I was standing; Crossley on Bullfinch. You fellows don't like Crossley, I know, and I think fellows are very unjust to him, for he's a dear, good chap; however, you'll admit that he can ride, I suppose? Well, on they came, old Argus plodding on at a deuce of a pace though—you know how he goes—and jerking himself over his jumps in that queer way he has. They got over the water together, Bullfinch pulling like blazes, and jumping like fun. Then I ran across to see them come in, and there was young Maizeley warming up old Argus; but it was no use, and we can beat his head off. There's nothing nearly so good as Argus at Kenilworth, and you fellows can put your shirts on without being a bit afraid."

"I'm glad of that, because I do it so often," Wagstaff interposed, sniggering at his little joke.

Of course we took the tip, and a little commission went up from the Drake. We had made a good many mistakes that year—which, as a matter of fact, we do most years, many of us—and, congratulating ourselves that this time it was all right, at any rate, went down to see our money pulled off. But, alas! that little commission went after the majority of its predecessors. Something was wrong somewhere. Bullfinch looked very like winning as they came in sight, but failed to preserve that agreeable aspect by the time they reached the post, and was cleverly beaten by a weedy mare called Virginia Creeper, to whom, according to general computation, Argus could have given about two stone with perfect safety. Poor little Flutterton's airy castle toppled over—and it had been such a beautiful castle, too, with a stable attached to it containing the two-year-old which was certain to win next year's Derby. Crossley vowed he was dead broke with such lamentable emphasis that Flutterton, hard hit as he was, offered to lend him a couple of hundred to go on with; but Crossley still further won his innocent young friend's heart by declining the proffered aid, with curses on his bad luck or want of judgment which had let poor Flutterton in so deeply. The little man looked very white for some days, and having got leave, went to Nice with his family. From those southern shores come accounts of his mild occupations, and his sporting propensities are satisfied by the loss of a few five-franc pieces occasionally at Monte Carlo, a diversion which he pronounces dull, for, as he remarks, one soon grows tired of putting coins down on a table for the mere fun of seeing them scooped in by a fellow with a rake.

But Crossley's recuperative powers were wonderful, and the result of what he stigmatised as a howling cropper is that he has been able to take four hunters and a galloping hack to Meadow-shire, and to set up in a neat little establishment with Major Rawley, who doesn't hunt, but likes to be in a hunting country; and having suddenly conceived a deep affection for Crossley, takes care to have an excellent dinner for him when he comes home from hunting. Generally a friend accompanies him, sometimes two; or the major has a guest, and after dinner what more natural than that they should while away the winter evenings with a little poker, *écarté*, or a few rounds of Nap? Hard as Crossley was hit, I have no doubt that he will pay up if you win from him; but the chances of your winning are not considerable. Not that I would insinuate that the two hosts do not play fair. Such assertions should never be made without proof, and this is a cruelly censorious world, ready to carp at and criticise everything. For instance, it is well known—everybody knows—that horses will not always run up to their best form, and the fact that since Bullfinch lost at Kenilworth, and passed into the hands of Leggitt, the bookmaker, he has beaten his Kenilworth form by a good deal—possibly by as much as two stone, as Flutterton's friends angrily assert—that is no reason why those gallant Lancers should talk about the deadliest case of roping that ever was seen, should go so far as to vow that Crossley tried to pull the horse into his fences, and should complain of the remissness of the stewards in not investigating the matter. I disbelieve these stories, simply because, had Crossley wanted to lose, I fancy he is quite good enough jockey to stop his horse without making it apparent.

The very likely looking bay aforesaid, on which Crossley is this morning seated, seems fully to justify his appearance by his style of going, and it is to be observed, that when Crossley is on a good one, he takes care to make the circumstance generally evident. Here he has just one of those opportunities in which he delights. Soon after getting away, we checked in a big grass field, bounded straight ahead by a high, tough-looking rail and a broad ditch, a sufficiently formidable sort of jump to make the boldest cordially hope that we shall not have to tempt our fate in that direction. The ditch is not only broad, but deep, with a nasty sloping clay side—just one of those places where if you don't get over you get in, and probably have to stay there, with your horse in an attitude not only disagreeable in itself, but derogatory to the feelings of an animal that has not been brought up in a circus. "The man who jumped that awful big cutting" will be talked about until some other moving incident of flood or field comes in its turn to claim attention, and this is precisely what Crossley desires. A couple of bounds turn that way, plunge in, and climb out again, one slipping back with a most unpleasantly suggestive splash. This is enough for Crossley, who takes the little bay by the head, and, feeling sure that his achievement cannot be overlooked, makes for by no means the easiest place, goes at it with a rush, and lands well over with something to spare. As it happens, a hound hits off the scent to the right, and we have not to risk this ugly place. But Crossley—who very soon afterwards gets on his second horse, though we have had no run as yet, and only threw off half an hour ago—has not jumped in vain. The little bay goes home to Downing's stables, and I have no doubt that the cheque he writes is a heavy one. We shall see in due time whether Sir Henry Akerton's suspicions as to the little bay being patched up and unable to stand work are correct. Possibly Downing may have made an excellent bargain, but I don't suppose Crossley sold the horse much under its value.

RAPIER.

A RECENT traveller through the heart of the Victorian rabbit country writes thus to the *Ararat Advertiser*:—"The centre is the Stony Rises, between Camperdown and Colac, and here the rabbits have taken complete possession of several thousands of acres, to the exclusion of everything else that eats grass. On the Mount Noorat run the rabbits are only moderately bad, although thirty men are employed trapping them, and during cool weather sending them to the Colac Meat Preserving Works. In the hot season the ears are simply cut off and kept for counting, while the carcasses are left to rot on the ground. A new means of destroying rabbits has lately been brought into use in this neighbourhood. Common whiting and water is mixed with sulphuric acid in a close leaden receiver, from which comes an indiarubber hose to conduct the carbonic acid gas generated. The nozzle of the hose is entered into the rabbit burrows, and after a quantity of the gas has been injected the burrows are stopped. This process is certain death to all the rabbits in the burrow, both young and old."

VETERINARIAN.

No. II.—THE DETECTION OF LAMENESS IN HORSES.

At the conclusion of our last article we found that a horse must be observed during rest, during motion, and in all his paces, in order not to overlook the various forms of lameness.

During rest is an excellent time to observe a horse, especially the rest in his own stall. When a horse is in his own stall he is at home, so to speak, and when left quite undisturbed for a long period, he will favour any weak points, if he have any to favour. During rest in his own stall, and undisturbed, he assumes attitudes of repose, and does what he feels most comfortable. We ought carefully to distinguish these attitudes of painless repose, which are natural from attitudes assumed in the search for the easiest position of a painful part. Here, before going further, let us remark that a horse not lame before always stands straight on his fore-legs when standing in his stall, and never rests them. This is not the case with the hind-legs. Often we see horses standing on one hind-leg, and resting the other like a soldier standing "at ease," but if the fore-legs be thus rested we know there is disease somewhere in them or in the feet. If there be one form of lameness that is better observed during rest in a stall than another it is navicular disease, or gogginess, as it is called. No one can pass along a cab-stand of any magnitude without observing this. The horse stands with the "groggy" foot thrown forward, and, in the language of the stable, he is said to "point." It must not be supposed that all horses "pointing" when standing are goggly. Navicular disease is an ailment inside the foot at the back of the foot, and is due to disease of the navicular bone, sometimes called "shuttle" bone. The bone acts the part of the face of a pulley to the back tendons or sinews as they end at the back of the foot. When, therefore, the horse is standing straight on his legs these back sinews being tightened press upon the face of the navicular bone; but when the foot is thrown forward, and the toe turned down, the tendons are slackened, and the tension is removed from the diseased bone—hence the comparative ease of this position. We shall say no more here about navicular disease, but reserve this subject and spavin till the last. Much care must be taken to allay all anxiety of the horse whilst watching him in his stall. It is a good plan to do so after he has fed heartily. The door should be closed and kept closed, and the observer should be alone, quietly seated on an inverted pail. He will notice the horse stand a long time on one hind-leg, then on the other. This is quite consistent with health and ease, but it may be associated with disease, and he should keep his watch in hand, and time the two legs. He will then see whether one leg is rested about the same length of time as the other, for he must remember that a horse cannot always be resting the lame leg, and as a matter of fact he actually stands on the lame leg, and rests the sound one in all cases, but here the watch detects the short spell of the lame leg, and the very much longer spell of the sound one. The "feely" manner in which the lame leg commences its period of work is to be remarked: If very lame the horse will catch up his foot a time or two before putting his whole weight upon it. If we were obliged to work a lame horse, much would depend upon the character of the work in our choice of a horse lame before or one lame behind. If a horse be lame before, he throws his foot under the manger, and feeds as heartily as ever, and keeps his condition; but if he be painfully lame behind he gets tucked up in the flanks on the lame side or sides, and we cannot keep condition on him—so that for four-wheel work we rather think our choice would fall on the one lame in front.

Spavin and stringhalt are often detected whilst a horse is in his stall by making him "stand over" briskly. In "standing over" his quarters will give a drop in spavin, whilst in stringhalt we see beautifully the characteristic catching up of the affected leg or legs. The only source of error here is in the case of a horse that has been standing deeply in new straw for a week or two. In this case he gets into the habit of lifting up both his hind feet, as in stringhalt, every time he is made to "stand over."

Outside the stable in looking for lameness we should have the horse in a snaffle bridle for the purpose of being trotted. In trotting the groom should keep his hands well away from the head—that is, he should take a long hold—so as to let the horse have his head. The ground for a trial trot should be the hardest possible and the levellest possible. If there are hills and holes in the ground the horse drops in a hole and trips on a hill, as a matter of course, and, as it is dropping and tripping we are looking for, of course this is a source of fallacy. There should also be an entire absence of all excitement due in the trial trot. The dealer's man in trotting the horse under these circumstances gets up as much excitement as possible, especially if he be a son of the "Green" Isle. The trot cannot be too slow; in fact, we want to see the horse trotting at his laziest, and the least particle of uneven action may then be detected. In trying a horse for lameness of his hard parts we must have him on a hard road, but in trying him for disease of his soft parts we must have him in a soft field. This is a capital rule to remember. By hard parts we mean the bones and the tough, dense ligaments which bind these bones one to another; by soft parts we mean the apparatus which moves the bones, viz., the muscles and tendons. Nothing jars the bony framework of the limbs more than trotting on a hard road, so that if there be disease in this framework this jarring will discover it. If we find the horse going uneven, or lame, as it is called, in the trot, we must notice whether it is before or behind that the unevenness occurs. Here we must point out another source of fallacy in the shoes and shoeing. We should notice the age of the shoes he is wearing and the time of their last setting on. Both these points are important. If he is going lame and is newly-shod or recently had a "remove," it may be that some nail or other is "too near," that is to say, some nail may be driven so near past the sensitive parts, if not actually through them, that the offending nail is causing the lameness, or it may be that the shoe has been put on too tightly, or again, it may be from a "draw-back." This is blacksmith's phraseology, and means that a nail in being driven has either gone through or too close to the sensitive parts, and has been then and there withdrawn. In this case mischief instead of subsiding at once often remains, and increases, especially if the horse is worked right away after being shod. Smiths either leave out the nail altogether after a bad "draw-back" or they turn the point of the nail so that it pierces the hoof much nearer to the top of the shoe than its fellow-nails. This latter is only a ruse, but deceives nine out of ten. Honest smiths leave out the nail at least for a few days, and caution the coachman. If the horse has neither had his shoes new nor recently put on, and the lameness is recent, most likely the shoeing has nothing to do with it. The shoes may have been on too long, and the toes may have grown unduly long, or in cases of slight corns the shoe may be sitting upon a corn. This latter will be most likely the case if the lameness is seen to come on gradually after the first week after having been shod.

(To be continued.)

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

HAMMOND & CO., 5, Vigo-street, W.—"Sleigh Bells," song, price 3s., words by J. C. Harman, music by G. Saunders. Mr. Harman's verses are of average quality. The melody is bright and flowing, and lies within the compass of ordinary voices.—"The Gipsy Maid's Refusal," price 3s., words by L. M. Thornton, music by E. Abell, is a sentimental song in which a gipsy maiden is supposed to decline the proffered hand of a wealthy lover, who has not the social advantage of belonging to the Romany. The words are acceptable, and the melody, in G major 3-4 time, is simple and expressive; compass D to G.—"Parla," price 4s., is a vocal waltz by Arditi. The words are from the facile pen of Signor Rizzelli. The leading theme of the waltz is remarkably bright and effective, and is brought into relief by a variety of brilliant independent themes, which are well developed. "Parla" is likely to become as popular as most of the other vocal waltzes for which we are indebted to Signor Arditi.—"Herzenstöne," by G. Lange, is a graceful little pianoforte solo in C major, 6-8 time, with an episode in F major, in which a melody played by the left hand is accompanied by treble arpeggi.—"Vergin mein nicht," by the same composer, price 3s., may well serve as a companion to the "Herzenstöne," being equally graceful and effective, although quite distinct in melody. The key is F, 6-8 time, with an episode in B flat. The fingering is marked where necessary, and these two solos will be welcomed by teachers and amateurs. Herr Lange is a fertile composer, and his Opus 250 contains the following six pianoforte solos, each published at 3s.—"Parting Song," This also in E flat, common time, is not remarkable for originality of theme, but the melody is so well arranged, and the accompaniments are so skilfully written, that it cannot fail to please when played with expression.—"Preghiera," D flat, 12-8 time. This is a melodious and well-written solo, of only moderate difficulty, yet affording good opportunities to amateur pianists.—"Allein," A flat, 6-8 time—a tenderly pathetic melody, effectively arranged.—"The Millstream," in G flat, 4-8 time. This is a really charming little gem for the drawing-room. The melody is fresh and characteristic, and is accompanied by triplets of semi-quavers, which seem to express the play of the waters. It will prove an acceptable addition to any musical library.—"Twilight Hour," in A flat, 6-8 time, is less successful as a piece of tone-painting. It is not without a certain kind of pensive beauty, but is neither original nor characteristic.—"Liebesglück," in A major, 6-8 time. This is a bright and joyous musical portrayal of "the joy of loving," and its cheerful melody and effective harmony will render it generally acceptable. In this, as in most of Herr Lange's pieces, the fingering is marked where desirable.—"The Review Lancers," by Chas. Coote, price 4s. A capital set of dance tunes by a composer who is *facile princeps* in writing dance music. The various solos are so simply arranged that a tyro may play them, and yet they are capitally adapted to their destined purpose.—"Epigramme Waltzes," price 4s., by J. Gung'l. Here are four tuneful and elegant waltzes, with one of the inspiring finales which Herr Josef Gung'l knows so well how to write.—"Toujours et Encore," valse, 4s., by G. Lamothe; and "Pastorale," valse, 4s., by the same composer. The first-named of these two waltzes is less acceptable than are in most cases the dance writings of M. Lamothe. The "Pastorale Valse" is one of M. Lamothe's best; full of melody and variety, and eminently suitable for ball-room purposes. Although simply arranged, it is highly effective.—"Première Valse de Salon," 4s., and "Valse Caprice," 3s., are two pianoforte waltzes by H. Nuyens, chiefly available as "show pieces" for moderately advanced amateurs.—"Orage sur le Lac," 4s., by A. L. Dessane, is a skilfully written pianoforte solo, descriptive of the gradual arrival and final departure of a storm.—"Prière d'un Enfant," 3s., by Alfred Sergent. If (as we suppose) Mr. Alfred Sergent is an Englishman, why did he not entitle this piece "A Child's Prayer"? Perhaps because he was aware that it is as little suggestive as possible of a child's prayer, or of pathos or sentiment of any kind?

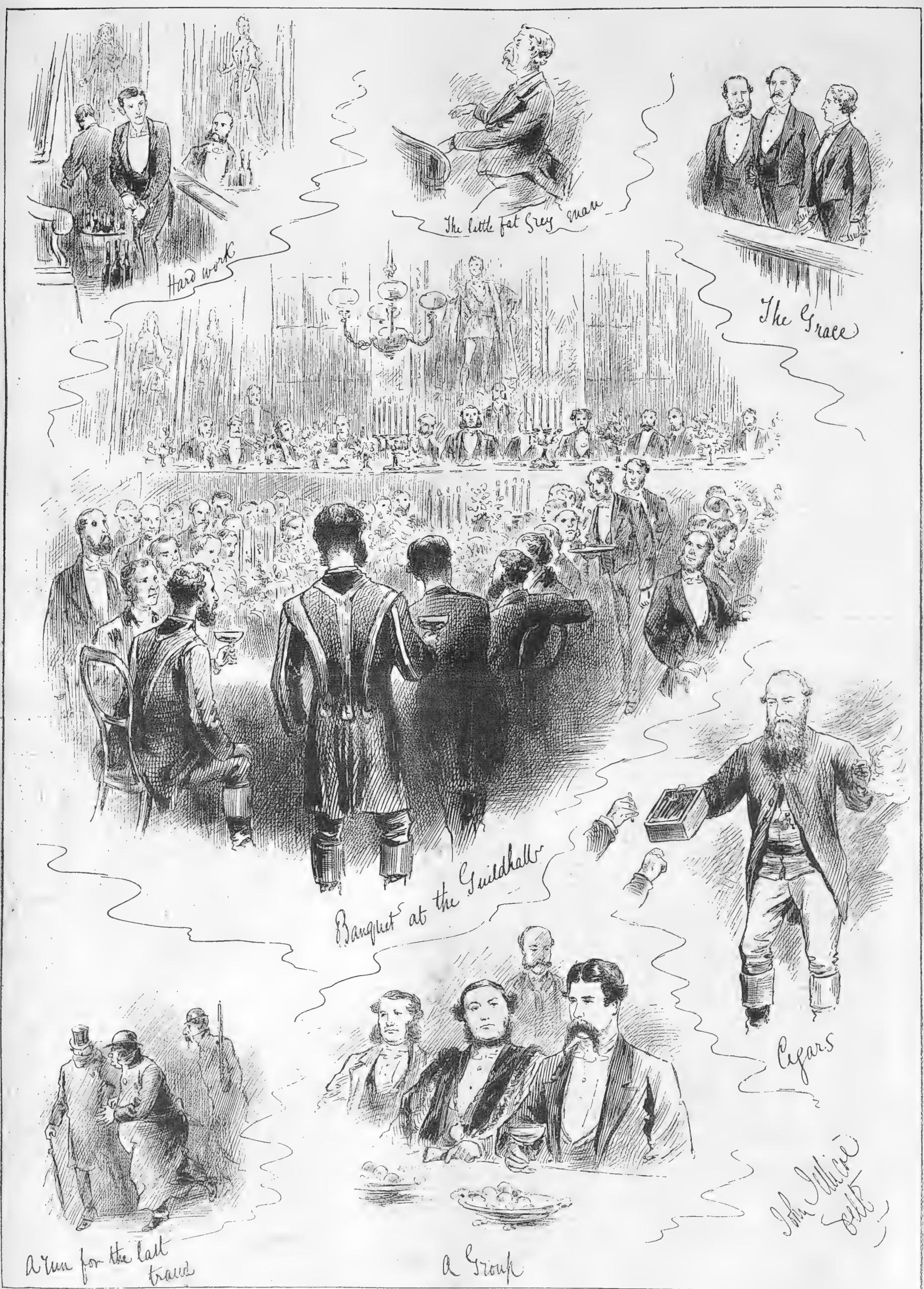
THE American Billiard Handicap at the Westminster Aquarium, which commenced on Saturday last, and resulted as follows:—Wilson beat Davies: These men commenced operations at 37, and Wilson, with some nice all-round play, soon passed his opponent, making breaks of 16, 20, and 54, following these up with 36, 16, and 84, he reached 305 by the time his opponent, whose best runs were 18 and 14, had added 82 points to his start. Davies then, aided by 29 spot hazards, ran 95 together, and drew much nearer to the leader, after which no very great breaks were made, and Wilson won the game by 52 points, after playing 1 hour and 19 minutes.—Taylor beat Hunt: This heat was started at 4:40, and Taylor, with 24 (5 spots), followed by 74 (18 spots), and 66 (7 spots), reached 165, when Hunt, with 19, had made his figures up to 105. The latter then scored 30, principally all round the table; and 5 breaks subsequently the winner of the previous handicap placed 96 to his credit, 25 spots being made in succession. To this Taylor responded with 56 (17 spots) and 45, and to bring their respective scores to—Hunt 255, Taylor 393—the best contribution by the former was 29 (5 spots), while Taylor's chief achievement was 86 (23 spots). Hunt replied with 45 all round the table, and directly after Taylor, assisted by 6 spots, scored 35, and eventually won the game in 1 hour 16 min. by 148 points. Richards beat Hughes: The first game of the evening was commenced at 8:10, and Hughes went away with breaks of 47 (7 spots) and 24, and the game was well contested, the last-named scoring 37, 26, and 25, against 28, 12, 14, and 38. Their scores then stood—Richards 230, Hughes 285, after which Richards made a fine break of 127 (36 spots), followed by 49 (9 spots) and then ran out, although Hughes scored 31 afterwards, and 145 points in 1 hour 7 min.—Bennett beat Collins: This heat—the most interesting of the day—and Bennett began with 37 (5 spots), and then 35 and 14 made his score 102 against 108. The ex-champion then made 100, aided by 31 spots, and Collins replied with 63 (15 spots), but Bennett drew away again with 99 (16 spots), 45, and 51. Collins then made 41, and the score presently stood—Bennett 478, Collins 284. The latter then scored 128 (35 spots), and then 82 (24 spots), which carried him to 495 against 498. Bennett then made a cannon, and won by 5 points in 1 hour 35 min.

MR. BANDMANN'S Hamlet at Drury Lane will be supported by E. Leathes, as Laertes; Shepherd, as Polonius; Howard Russell, as King; F. Huntley, as Gravedigger; Stanley Garland, as Ghost; Leonard Outram, as Horatio; Miss Julia Seaman, as Queen.

WE beg to call the attention of our racing readers to the advertisement of Thirsk Spring Meeting, which will be found on another page. The added money has been increased from £300 to £500, and the conditions are most encouraging to breeders, as the fund takes no benefit whatever.

MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD has made a very successful *début* in Melbourne, opening in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, which has been put upon the stage with everything desirable in the way of scenery, costumes, and accessories.

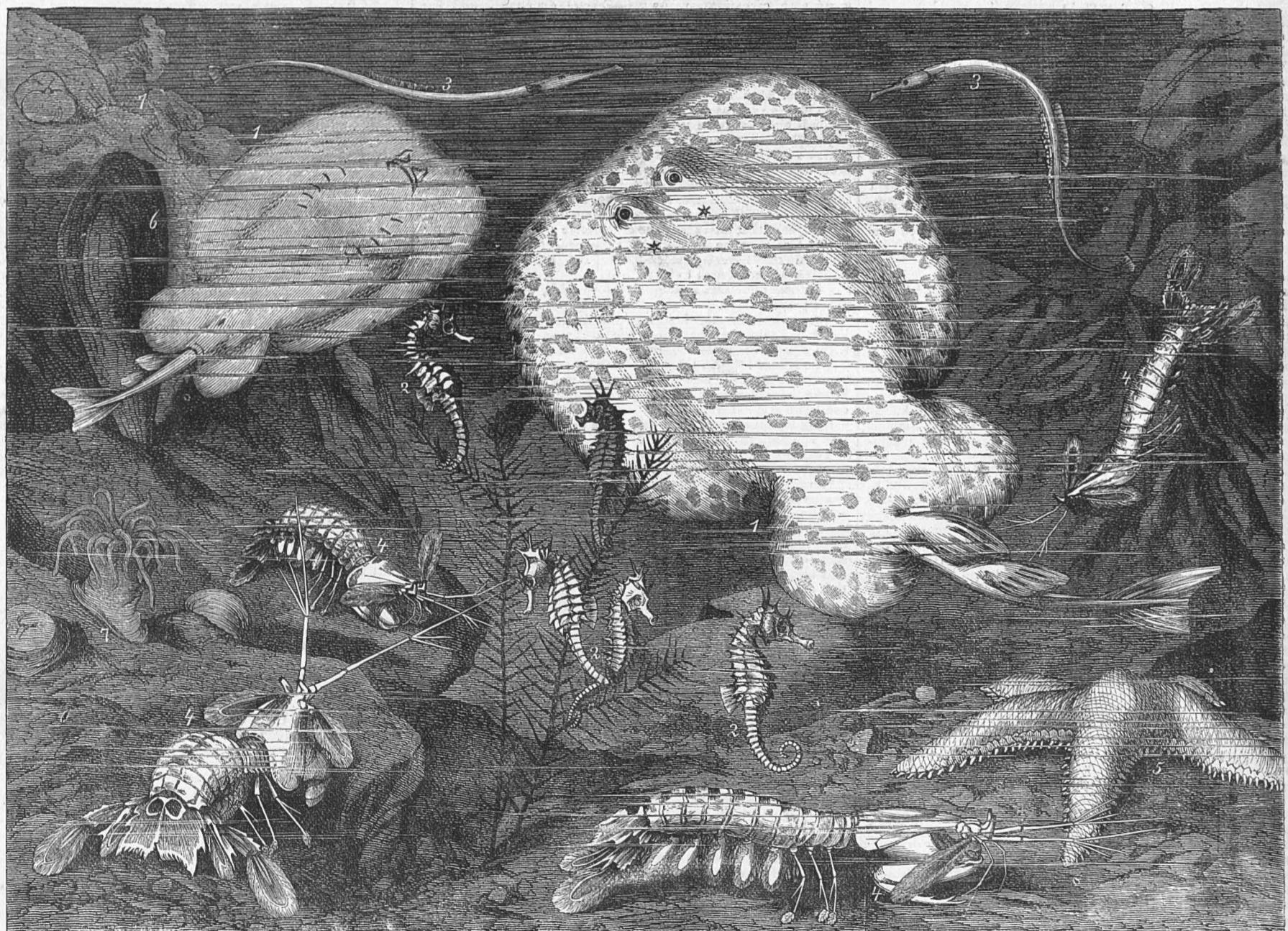
MR. WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT is dangerously ill of typhoid fever.



THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS.—BANQUET TO THE FARMERS AT WINDSOR.



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.



STUDIES FROM THE TANKS OF THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

HONEST CRITICISM.

THE question has been often mooted whether adverse criticism does not really do more good than harm to plays of a certain sort, and whether in many cases abuse does not attract public attention and stimulate public curiosity more than praise. When, for example, nine years ago the famous *Formosa* controversy was started in the daily papers, there were not wanting those who slyly hinted that the controversy was a happy device to draw the sluggish public to Drury Lane and fill the coffers of the manager. Swindles, big and little, of every conceivable complexion are so rife nowadays that we are easily led to look with suspicion on anything which has a peculiarly honest appearance, and it only needs a dark innuendo, such as the one we have named, to strengthen that suspicion. Whether in that particular case the suspicion was unfounded or not is a question we shall not at this distance of time take upon ourselves to discuss. We content ourselves with merely selecting an illustration of a form of innuendo calculated to destroy all faith in critics and in criticism.

Now, there are different opinions as to what constitutes honest criticism; but perhaps the most prevalent one is that indiscriminate "cutting up" is the surest mark of honesty and independence. But then there is that horrible doubt suggested by the innuendo already alluded to. What if, after all, adverse criticism be only a dishonest means of enticing the public—a trap to catch the curious? There can be no doubt of this, that the best way to obtain a sale for a bad book, or to make a bad play draw among a certain class, is to accuse it of gross immorality. And the more severe the terms in which the book or the play is spoken of, the more intense will the curiosity be among that class to read the one or witness the other. For, as everyone knows, there is a class—a by no means inconsiderable class—in London, as elsewhere, to whom impropriety is the sauce which tickles their intellectual appetite, and if a book or a play be pronounced by the critics to be decidedly immoral, they at once feel a craving to read or see it, no matter how stupid it be. Looking at the matter from this point of view, there may appear grounds for suspecting the hostile critic to be sometimes dishonest and insincere in his hostility.

But this is looking at only a small section of the picture. Those persons who do not care to have their intellectual dishes spiced with a piquant dash of impropriety will not be attracted either to a book or a play, because they are told it is immoral, any more than an ordinarily intelligent person will take up a book which he is distinctly told is intensely stupid. Adverse criticism, then, when directed against the morality of a play can only be said to be dishonest when it panders to those social carion-flies that live by batten on garbage; and it undoubtedly does so pander to them when, instead of an immoral work being dismissed in a few blunt words of indignant disgust, its immorality is unveiled and artfully dilated upon, so that the prominent feeling left after perusing the critique is one of curiosity rather than of repugnance. If critics were honest in their condemnation of immorality they would convey to their readers such an impression of disgust as would deter most persons from going to see the play so criticised. An honest man does not care to dwell minutely upon what is repulsive to him, and when real disgust and dislike have to be expressed they are usually done in a few smart ringing sentences, and not in an elaborate article.

But honesty of opinion is not criticism, and we must not be carried away into forgetting the wide difference that exists between honest opinion and honest criticism. An honest critic is not merely an honest man writing his honest opinion—he is not a jurymen giving his verdict—he is a judge directing a jury how to arrive at a just verdict. Nine-tenths of the critics of the day mistake their functions: they confuse the duties of the advocate and the jury with those of the judge. Now, take a new play; the dramatic critic goes to criticise it. He likes it, and consequently praises it in his critique—that is honest enough; or he dislikes it, and consequently cuts it up unmercifully—that also is honest, but is it criticism? Not unless he has asked himself thoughtfully, "Why is it I like this piece?" or "Why is it I dislike this piece?" He should be able to give reasons for his likes and dislikes. And the honest critic is the man who takes the pains to search for an answer to these questions—who is not content to point to broad results, but aims at showing the subtle processes by which those results are reached. That is honest criticism. A critic should consider it no compliment to his accuser to hear the remark bandied about by dozens of ordinary people who have perused his critique, "That's just what I thought—that's very true and sensible!" Infinitely more complimentary to his sagacity would it be to find that he had succeeded in calling attention to some subtle touch of art which nine persons out of ten would have overlooked.

It might be implied from this that none but a person who has an intimate knowledge of the art which he undertakes to criticise is capable of being an honest critic. True, a man should have a thorough knowledge of what he professes to criticise, but it is the knowledge which springs from keen observation, and the exercise of a cultivated and appreciative taste. He must possess, to begin with, an intuitive perception and appreciation of what is beautiful and excellent in art generally, as well as more particularly in the art to which he applies himself as a critic, and this intuitive perception and appreciation must be sharpened by constant and careful observation. But a thorough technical knowledge of an art is not necessary to a critic—nay, is often ruinous to him. He becomes absorbed in the contemplation of technicalities, and forgets that he is writing for those who do not understand technicalities. He is the medium between the author or artist and the outer world, and it is to the latter he is bound to render himself intelligible. Just so much technical knowledge should a critic possess as to enable him to understand and make allowance for the difficulties which the artist has to overcome. For this reason we hold that no one professionally connected with any art can be a sound critic of that art. Either his technical knowledge will render him obscure, or his professional propensities will render him unjust to the artist or the public or both. Wherever there is any opening for professional knowledge or for private feeling to bias the critic, the criticism cannot be, in the sense in which we have used the term, honest. And if a critic either praise or blame a playwright or a player without giving some calm, sensible, artistic reasons for doing so, it may be surely inferred that that criticism is not altogether honest. It is as dishonest to write a slashing critique, abusing everything and everybody indiscriminately and thoughtlessly, as it is to pen a fulsome panegyric through bribery or favouritism, because in neither case has the critic taken the trouble to ask himself the two questions, which every honest critic should ask himself, and ponder over before he puts pen on paper—the first, "What is my real impression of this piece?" the second, "Why and how did I form that impression?" The man who answers these questions honestly, and gives the result of that answer in his written criticism, is an honest critic. And of all the elements which combined constitute genuine artistic criticism, whether dramatic or literary, the one most often wanting is this patient, thoughtful system of question and answer, this careful search for the reasons of likes and dislikes. It is only criticism of this sort that can ever have any real influence upon the stage, or secure the respect of players, playwrights, and playgoers.

But it will perhaps be asked contemptuously, "Where be your honest critics then?" and "Who would listen to them nowadays even

if they existed?" These are questions which we shall endeavour to answer in a future article. We shall probably be laughed at by many if we assert that no writer is worthy the name of critic who allows either personal friendship or personal animosity to colour what he writes. "Slate your enemies and puff your friends," we shall be told is the motto adopted by the so-called critics of the press, and it is idle to expect them to be governed by any other principle under the existing social conditions which bring the critic into such close relations with those whom it is his duty to criticise. These views we shall venture to combat, while we contend for the necessity of a more healthy and honest tone of criticism, both in the interests of the public and the "profession." D.

HOW LADY FEVEREL WENT ON THE STAGE.

A SKETCH.

(Concluded from page 235.)

VI.

In due course came the night of Angela's first appearance in public. Naturally enough she was a little nervous, but she dissembled bravely. There was also something very delightful about the whole proceeding. She quite enjoyed being dressed by her maid at the theatre—it seemed a new operation altogether.

The plot of the play was somewhat on this wise. Mrs. Marillier is a widow who has lived very much beyond her income. To save herself from arrest she is obliged to give encouragement to the attentions of a rich stockbroker who seeks her in marriage. At the same time she has a flirtation on hand with a rich and handsome Lord Featherstonehaugh, whom she loves, but who is of an undecided character.

The play opens in the Park. This scene was a great success. Ladies and gentlemen on horseback passed to and fro in the background, while a row of chairs facing the audience enabled the various characters to make the explanations comfortably.

Angela wore a gown of *écru*, with here and there a knot of the palest blue. At her wrists and throat she had some of that beautiful Valenciennes which is no longer to be had.

In this scene, having explained to a confidential friend into what alarming difficulties she is being plunged by her debts, and how a crisis may be expected the next day, she is met by the stock-broker, who says that he will not be trifled with any longer, and requires an answer to his proposal. Mrs. Marillier evades him charmingly, but says he shall have it that evening if he will come to her concert.

"Do you promise?"

"Yes."

The next scene was Hurlingham. Here the scene-painter had been very exact. The firing of guns at regular intervals behind the scenes gave a graphic touch.

The audience was quite enthusiastic. Presently Mrs. Marillier appears in a carriage, attired in a dress of pale *cendre de rose* satin, with strings of rosy coral at her neck and wrists. Her hat, a small Devonshire, (a shape which Angela found so becoming that she had not yet thrown it off), is of *cendre de rose*, and a small flamingo's wing repeats the colour of the coral.

To her enters Lord Featherstonehaugh, dressed for Polo. They converse and flirt, and he is about to leave her.

"You will not forget my concert to-night?"

"Oh no."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes."

The next scene is Mrs. Marillier's drawing-room in Palace Gate. It is full of magnificently attired ladies and gentlemanly gentlemen. The hostess, dressed in a splendid robe of *bleu du lac cristallisé semi* with carnations, wears the Feverel diamonds, and her blonde, goes about welcoming people and saying civil things.

(When the audience saw this scene, and especially the splendid plume of diamonds that Angela wore in her hair, they vowed that such a clever play had not been produced in their time.)

Presently the stock-broker enters, and at once begins to importune Mrs. Marillier. She is playfully obdurate—says she will keep him in suspense as long as her promise allows her to, and, reminds him that there is still an hour before to-morrow.

Just then an execution is threatened, and it requires all the widow's ingenuity to make it appear that she is engaged to the stock-broker, and thus pacify her ravenous creditors. If Lord Featherstonehaugh would only come, she feels she could bring him to the point. Horror! it is 11.30, and he has not arrived.

11.45. Despair. A rumour goes round that he was hurt at Hurlingham that afternoon, and is therefore absent.

But just then he enters. In a moment he has intervened between the hovering stock-broker and his prey, and Mrs. Marillier has consented to be his wife.

Of course there was a subordinate love affair, which had terminated propitiously a few moments before.

Thus, when Angela, standing as far as possible from the foot-lights and looking away from the audience, repeated an unrhymed tag, the whole house was in raptures.

"So refined!" "So different from the absurd old plays!" "Oh, yes, and so minutely true to life, too. It was an excellent touch having the singers in, and making them sing '*O luce di*', and what one hears everywhere."

"And what a lovely room—all in the most recent Morris!"

"You noticed her diamonds?"

"Yes, indeed; she must be wonderfully clever. I'm sure she must be charming—everyone hates her so."

Nevertheless, the unpopularity which Angela's reserved temperament and defiance of the world had brought upon her could not interfere with her success. That was acknowledged on all sides. Everyone, except herself, was perfectly satisfied. She, indeed, was not by any means without a most pleasing sense of gratified vanity, and was pleased that the formidable first appearance was over. It was the play, not her own acting, that disappointed her.

The intenser life of the stage had always been one of its chief attractions in her eyes. But in the present play she was merely required to assume the character of a common-place woman, placed in trying but not elevating circumstances, and go through the programme of her own daily life. All this was essentially opposed to her ideal. However, she made up her mind to work hard until her name was favourably known (which she imagined it would be in a few weeks), and then reap the reward.

The next afternoon there was a complete *levée*—chiefly composed of gentlemen I must admit—in her drawing-room. These were, of course, profuse in compliments and congratulations. However, Angela had made up her mind to appear as if nothing of the least importance had taken place, consequently she received all they said in the quietest manner, and, as soon as there was an opportunity, turned the conversation to indifferent topics.

"I was so sorry. I was too tired to go to Lady Tudor's last night. Stupid of me, wasn't it? She always has such exquisite flowers. I heard the ball was to be given in a vacant house next door. I think that is such a sensible plan. You were there, of course, Lord Fantlett? Tell me about it."

Presently Mr. Trent was announced. He had heard all about Angela's success, though his professional duties had prevented his being a witness of it. Angela had asked him to come and talk "shop" with her, and she was very glad to see him now.

He remained after the rest of her guests had taken their departure. Then he said—

"Well, I suppose I must say good-bye, Lady Feverel. I hope to see you on the stage before I leave town; but probably—

"I did not know you were thinking of leaving town," answered Angela, carelessly.

"Yes. My engagement comes to an end next week, and Davis has helped me to get one in America for the autumn, so that I expect to be on the sea by Saturday week."

"Really? That's all very sudden, isn't it?" asked Angela indifferently. "Well, I hope you may be successful and have a 'good time.' I believe that's the correct phrase where you're bound."

A minute afterwards Dick was striding towards Rutland Gate, and Lady Feverel was lying in silent anguish, with clasped hands and tearless eyes, on the sofa in her boudoir.

VII.

Angela continued to act through the autumn and winter, but she found it very different from what she had expected. There were countless annoyances. Managers would not allow her to act in any play where she felt that her powers would have full scope. Professionals, who could not believe that she had come upon the stage for good, refused to be friendly to her. The ladies tried ruthlessly to "kill" her; the men were shy of her. Old acquaintances of her old set, whose friendship she had despised till it was lost, seemed to have forgotten all about her. The critics and the audiences lost by degrees the keen interest with which her story had inspired them. She, too, lost the old zest for applause. Richard Trent was still in America.

All through the dull winter she struggled on. Often she came on to the stage of some dreary provincial theatre on the verge of tears, induced by the jealousy of the lady who was to play her bosom friend. Often, when she saw the rows of empty chairs, she felt so disheartened that her acting lost all its former energy.

There were, however, two thoughts that made her stick to the profession she had chosen. The first was the melancholy, but very sweet one, that it was Dick's profession too; that while she remained on the stage there was a certain union between them. The other was the vision, which she sometimes nursed, of a golden future. She imagined that she could act better than any of the actresses about whom people raved in London. Then again she reminded herself that this was a feeling which she probably shared with every ballet-girl.

Even the accounts which she sometimes came across of Trent's successes in America were only half delightful. He would probably remain there altogether now, most likely marry there. Altogether, this was a hard time for Angela Feverel. She began to suffer from depression. Her old discontent returned, and as she now had the means of satisfying every material wish, it seemed far more terrible than before. She felt that she could do just as she liked now. And yet there was nothing that she cared to do.

In the early spring she was acting at Manchester. She had offered her services for the season to two or three managers in London, but in each case she had been disappointed. This frightened her. Perhaps she was losing her power of acting—perhaps she had never really had any. To go back to her old way of life now seemed impossible.

One evening she was taken ill. The doctor said it was brain-fever, induced by over-excitement or by brooding. Angela lay dangerously ill for weeks. At the end of that time she was strong enough to be sent to Romsey (Sir Tobis's place in the country, which, in default of heirs male had fallen to her) for country air. There her naturally strong constitution began to regain its strength quickly. It was glorious weather, and she was soon able to get as far as the garden by herself.

The Romsey garden was looking beautiful. One bright and windy morning Lady Feverel was walking in it—along the grass path that skirts the river-bank. She was full of sweet but very sad thoughts. The intense beauty of the sunny garden somehow made her think of Dick.

"How foolish it is of me to cherish this passion for a man whom I cannot reasonably expect to give me a thought. We saw each other half-a-dozen times, nearly a year ago. Our conversation was of the most commonplace order. He is thousands of miles from me, and has probably forgotten all about me. The natural conclusion is that I shall never see him again, unless it is on the stage."

Thus Angela argued with herself; but a woman is never convinced by the arguments of another—how much less by her own. She still felt that she might talk to Richard again; it still seemed quite probable, somehow.

In an abstracted mood, induced by the conflict of argument and hope, she gathered a large crimson flower, and raised it to her nose. The overpowering scent of the flower, acting upon her weakened senses, seemed to fill her with a fuller life. The essence of all her thoughts found utterance in the one eager, painful cry—

"When shall I see him again?"

At that very moment an orange-tip butterfly paused, and spread its wings on the flower which she still held before her.

The butterfly paused but for a moment; but that moment sufficed Angela to observe it. In black dots across the white wings was, or seemed to be, printed the single word, TO-DAY—the answer to her question.

Without stopping to examine into this preternatural phenomenon (which, doubtless, had arisen in her own weakened and excited imagination) Angela started forward, half in fear, half joy, ran involuntarily down the grass path that led to the river.

There, as sure as life, walking along cheerily enough, was Richard Trent. Angela gave one shriek and fainted.

VIII.

It is part of the irony of nature that things for which men have been longing and sorrowing for months to accomplish should sometimes be brought about without their agency in a moment. Thus, when Dick saw Angela faint, and when Angela, coming to herself, found Dick bending over her, each of them, in a manner known only to the elect, became conscious of the other's love.

Dick had naturally a great deal to say. How that he had returned from America a month ago, after a most successful sojourn in that country; how that he was now on a starring tour, and was to play Captain Absolute in the neighbouring town that night. These, and a hundred things besides, did the usually laconic Dick pour forth, all of which Angela but half heard. She was dwelling deliciously on one fact on which Dick had laid no particular stress quite at the beginning of his narrative. How that he had gone to America on purpose to try and cure that passion which he believed to be hopeless for herself.

IX.

Lady Feverel and Mr. Trent were married in the summer, and went abroad for the honeymoon. They intend returning to London in the beginning of next season, and Angela is going to try and get Mr. Gilbert to write a play in which they can play man and wife, or, better still, lovers—so that if you care to see them act you will have a good opportunity then.

GEORGE B. DOUGLAS.

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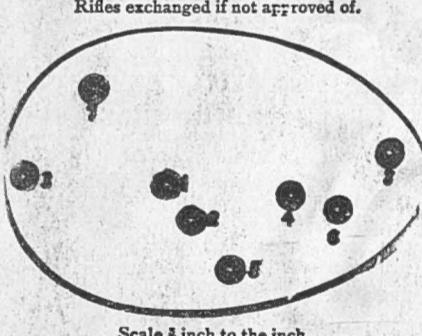
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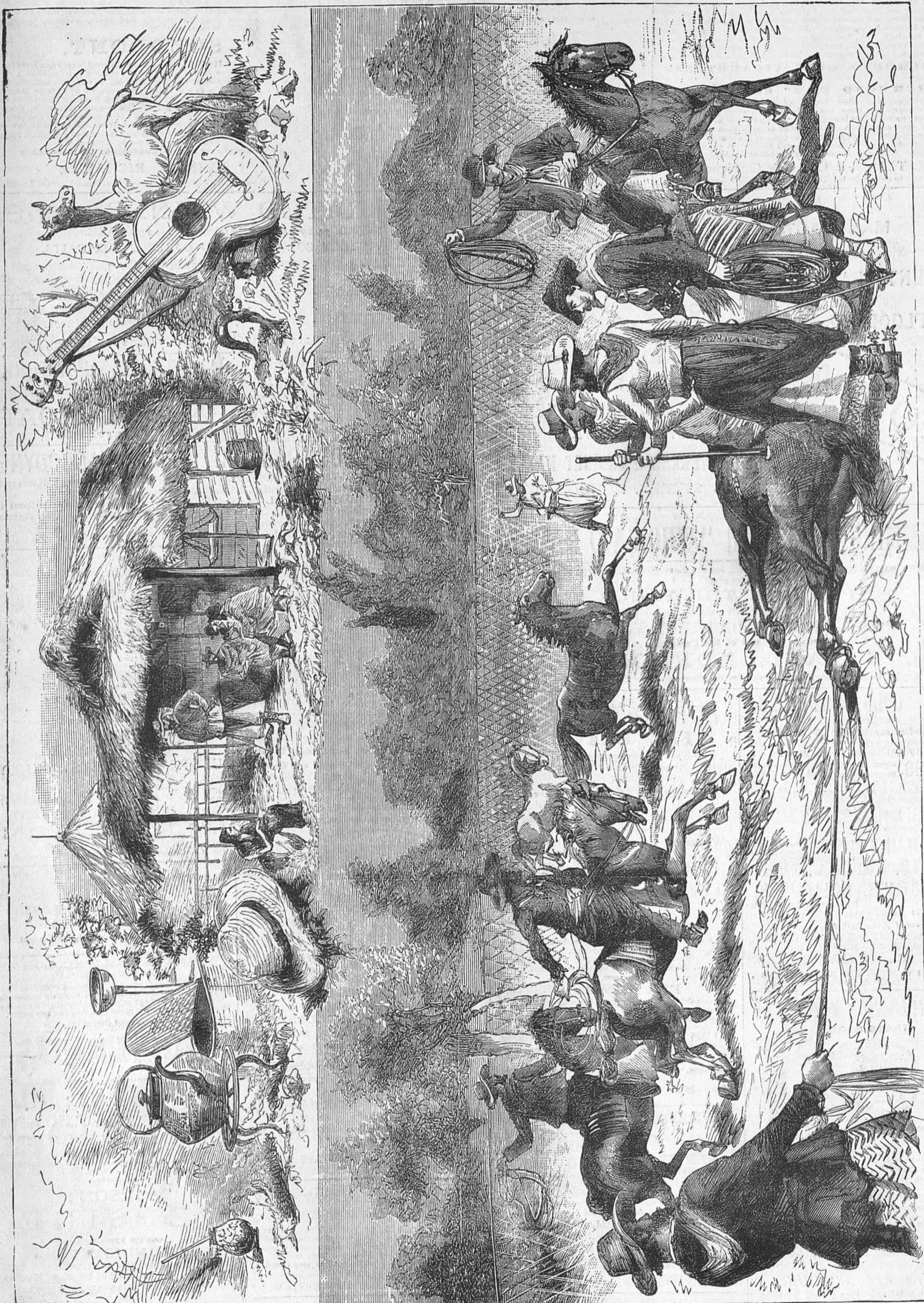
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